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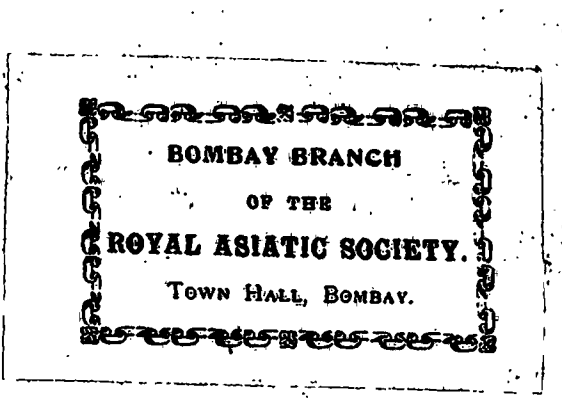

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SKETCHES OF INDIA:

WRITTEN

BY AN OFFICER

FOR

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FIRE-SIDE TRAVELLERS

AT-HOME.

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INTRODUCTION.

RICH and abundant are the stores of information concerning India, which have been provided by the labours of the learned, to feast their fellow-scholars and brother-antiquarians at home.

A familiar picture, however, of Indian scenery and manners, may be added to the journals, sketches, and lighter publications, which have treated on these subjects without presumption: for although it would be difficult to write any thing positively new on them, yet the imagination of the general Reader, who would fain follow with his mind's eye a friend

or relative to these distant shores, may, according to his habits of life and thought, his age or profession, be far better assisted by one relation than another.

To any one who will venture on the sacrifice of half a winter's evening to ride a few marches with me, pass a day in my tent, or take a seat in my budgerow, I dedicate this trifling Volume.

A TRAVELLER.

SKETCHES

OF

INDIA.

It was in the faint dawn of morning that we first made the dark and beautifully broken outline of hill and mountain, which Ceylon presented as we bore up for it.

The scene, ever changing, in tint and colouring, as the sun slowly and grandly rose, was at length fully illumined.

Tufted wood and thick jungle of bright verdure clothed all the hills, the feathery cocoa-nuts, and tall palms girded the

yellow beach, and all silently proclaimed a path of creation new to me, and the abode of a family of mankind which I had never seen.

We coasted in sight of the island throughout the day. The eye, assisted by the glass, now straining itself to discern some object of interest, such as a hut, a boat, or group of natives, now reposing on the magnificent whole.

In the evening a rudely constructed canoe came off to us. It was simply the trunk of a tree hollowed and cut square, not unlike an English horse-trough. A large log of wood was thrown out to windward by long bamboos, to prevent its upsetting when under sail. Four natives, with rags round their heads and loins, filled this crazy-looking bark. They were short, and, with one exception, slender. Their complexions different, from black to light tawny. They looked cun-

ning and lively, jabbered fast and loud, and of course unintelligibly to most of us, laughed at every trick the light-hearted cadets practised upon them; and after disposing of their little cargo of cocoa-nuts for one hundred times its value, hoisted their sail of matting, and left us.

On the afternoon of July the 10th, 1818, our vessel dropped anchor in Madras Roads, after a fine run of three months and ten days from the Mother-bank. — How changed the scene! how great the contrast! — Ryde, and its little snug dwellings, with slated or thatched roofs, its neat gardens, its green and sloping shores — Madras and its naked port, large, noble-looking buildings, tall columns, lofty verandahs, and terraced roofs. The city large, and crowded on a flat site; a low sandy beach, and a foaming surf.

The roadstead there, alive with beautiful yachts, light wherries, and tight-built fishing-barks. Here, black, shapeless Massoolah boats, with their naked crews singing the same wild (yet not unpleasing) air to which for ages the dangerous surf they fearlessly ply over has been rudely responsive.

Here, too, all around, you see figures or small groups of two and three, who seem to stand, walk, or sit upon the water without support; for the least swell conceals their catamarans, small rafts on which they go out to fish, carry fruit, letters or messages to the shipping, and, indeed, will venture forth in all weathers.

The imposing air of costliness and grandeur about Madras, from the size, whiteness, and polish of the public buildings, is much diminished as you approach the landing place.

When the surf has violently lodged you high and dry on the beach, you find yourself immediately surrounded by crowds so diversified in costume, complexion, and feature; so strange are the voices of a new people, and the sounds of unknown tongues; so deafening the surge continually breaking near you, that to single out figures from such a scene, under such circumstances, is almost impossible, and you feel it quite a relief to hurry from the spot. I landed with troops in the afternoon, and marched from the beach to a station or depôt thirteen miles inland. For three miles we moved along amid a curious talking crowd perpetually changing. We followed a fine broad road with avenues of trees; passed the fort; and half a mile beyond it passed continually, for a long distance, gateways leading to large garden-houses in spacious compounds, until at length we left the signs of the presidency behind us. With the exception of a

few followers in employ or seeking it, the crowds dropped off, and we pursued our march unmolested. No,—I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich, broad-leaved plantain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch; the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian *, with its earth-seeking and reproductive drop-branches; and among them birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parroquet,

* The banian-tree throws out fibres from its extreme branches, which taking root in the earth, again become parent stems; and in this manner, not unfrequently, produces a grove of great extent and singular beauty.

(at home, the lady's pet-bird in a gilded cage), here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream. These, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked upon. My dream of anticipation realized gave me a delight which found no expression in words. I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination when I reflected how much the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations; and yet how natural, how easy all appeared! All so fitted and adapted by the hand of the bountiful and wise Creator, that other than they were they had deformed instead of decking the face of nature. It was late and dark when we reached Poonamallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We

found no fellow-countryman to welcome us, but the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart, roguish-looking natives seemed waiting our arrival to seek service.

Drenched to the skin, without changes of linen, or any bedding, we sat down to the repast provided; and it would have been difficult to have found in India, perhaps, at the moment a more cheerful party than ours.

Four or five clean-looking natives, in white dresses, with red or white turbans, ear-rings of gold, or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance, to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits, all new to us, were tasted and pronounced upon; and after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good-humour, we lay down for

the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.

The morning-scene was very ludicrous. Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there another was cracking the joints of a man half-dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing, a Saheb's* hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, two well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care.

There was much in all this to amuse the mind, and a great deal, I confess, to

* Saheb, a gentleman,—"Sir," or "master;" used by the natives of India when addressing, or speaking of their superiors.

pain the heart of a free-born Englishman.

Now, reader, I must beg you to accompany me for a hasty look at Madras, in my palanquin. A palanquin, such as the English use, is a close litter, with pannels, painted and varnished like a carriage. You may stretch yourself at length, or sit half up in them, as on a bed. They have cushions and linings of leather, silk, or chintz; and large sliding doors on both sides, with venetians. Nine men carry you; four at a time; two under the pole before, and two behind. Relieving each other without stopping, they will run with you twelve miles in three hours. They jog along, making a a continual singing in regular cadence, which assists them to keep step.

The few pictures I will now attempt to sketch, are designed to assist you, reader, in accompanying me to such

places and scenes as I may carry you to look upon hereafter, when I shall hope to excite in your bosom some portion of the interest I felt in them myself. An interest which, if not altogether destroyed, would be much weakened by continual explanatory interruptions. For the rambling and familiar style I have chosen for this portraiture, I crave your patient indulgence.

These poor wretches, with no other clothing than small rags round the middle, and loads on their heads, whom you meet singly or in large groups, are the common coolies, or road-porters, of the country; for thus light burdens are usually conveyed here, even for distances of two or three hundred miles. — This haughty-looking man with a prominent nose, dark eye and olive-brown complexion, having a large turban, muslin vest, gaudy silk trowsers, and noisy slippers, is a Mahometan.

This next, with his head bare and shaven, except a few thick-falling locks clubbed behind, his forehead marked with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung, his naked body, clean yellow-coloured skin, the zennaar, or distinguishing threads worn over the shoulder, and a large pale salmon-coloured loin-cloth, is an officiating bramin.

These fat-looking black men, with very white turbans and dresses, and large golden ear-rings, are dubashes; sort of upper servants or public inferior agents, ready to make any purchases for strangers or residents; to execute their commissions, change their monies, or transact any business for them.

These men with red turbans, broad shoulder-belts of leather, breast-plates, sashes and swords, are government peons of the zillah, or police foot-soldiers. There are establishments of them in

every district. They are distinguished by their belt-plates; the belts being often of red, blue, or yellow cloth, or even tiger-skin.

There is a group of native women returning to their houses with water: they are of a common class; but observe their simple dress, erect carriage, and admirable walk. One piece of cloth wrapped twice round their loins in its breadth, and passing in its length upwards over the bosom, is either disposed mantle-like to cover the head, or thrown gracefully across the right shoulder, and brought under the left arm to the middle. Their shining hair is neatly rolled up into a knot at the back of the head; and is occasionally ornamented with little chaplets of pale yellow flowers. The vessels which some carry on the head, some on hip, are of brass or clay; but ancient, and urn-like in their form.

This low, curiously carved car, with a white canopy, and cream-coloured bullocks, having their horns ornamentally tipped with wrought brass, collars with bells, and crimson body-clothes, is the conveyance of some native merchant, or shroff.

These horsemen with red hussar jackets, high spherical-shaped caps of blue cloth richly ornamented, leather breeches, boots, and English saddles, so well mounted, and as light-coloured as Spaniards, are of the body-guard of the governor.—Observe the horse-keeper following that staff-officer; thus the groom runs after his master in this country, and will keep pace with him at a smart canter. He is always provided with a leading rein and chowrie.*

These well-appointed black soldiers,

* The chowrie is a fly-flap, made of the singularly bushy tail of the Bootan cow.

clothed and accoutred so completely like British troops, except the peculiar cap of blue cloth with brazen ornaments and plates, are sepoys of the Madras establishment.

That officer in dark blue uniform with red facings, brazen helmet and red horse-hair, is of the Madras horse artillery; a corps most deservedly admired all over India.

The black or native town of Madras is very extensive; but, in general, meanly built, noisy, and dirty. There are, however, many large, fine houses belonging to merchants and shop-keepers; and very many streets of small neat houses occupied by Portuguese, Armenians, and half-casts; or by such of the native merchants and clerks as are become half European in their habits of life. There are a protestant church and some

mission chapels, an Armenian church of old date, two or three Portuguese chapels, and a capuchin convent.

That monk with the pale Italian countenance, grey hair, small scull-cap, black robe, and white cords, just stepping out of that old palanquin, is the superior: he is a native of Rome.

This fine-looking young man in a close white vest with a dark blue sash and high cap of black velvet with many points, is an Armenian gentleman; and the low stout man in a purple robe and mitre cap, with a long black bushy beard, who is speaking to him, is a priest from Armenia. — Almost all these persons of half-cast complexion, whom you are continually meeting, are the descendants of our countrymen, or other Europeans by native mothers; those of Portuguese extraction are very numerous.

All the government offices are in Fort St. George, which, though not large, is strong, handsome, well armed, kept in excellent order, and contains a fine arsenal. In the centre of a small square, surrounded with handsome buildings, stands a fine marble statue of Lord Cornwallis. A plain neat church adorns the open space just leading from one corner of the square. The government house is situated more than a mile from the fort on Choultry plain. One front of the banquetting-room, as seen from a considerable distance, has a noble imposing appearance.

A grand road leads from Fort St. George to St. Thomas's Mount, nine miles distant. It is certainly the finest piece of road in India; and is not exceeded by many in Europe. — A fine avenue of trees runs the whole length of it; and on its left, at the distance of

seven miles from the fort gates, is a race-course, and a handsome stand on it.

The civil servants live in garden-houses, all built nearly in the same style, with porticoes and verandahs; and while the beautiful chunam with which they are covered preserves its polish, they have a pleasing and elegant appearance. They are surrounded by small paddocks with trees, shrubs, and flowers; and are most agreeable residences.

Their carriages are all of English fashion; but their equipages and horses are not, I think, remarkable. — The Mount Road is the favourite drive. A cenotaph, about four miles on it, has been erected to the memory of Lord Cornwallis; and on the sweep round this monument they slowly circle as in the gay ring in Hyde Park at home.

I engage, however, rather to show you

natives than English residents, therefore let us turn down the Triplicane Bazaar: here the population is Mahomedan. These crowds of mussulmans ever regard us with jealousy, hatred, and scorn. Their nawab, though stripped of authority, still sits upon a musnud*, rides in state on an elephant, and holds a durbar†; but can never, I should think, listen to the royal salutes so repeatedly fired from the British fort in compliment to his princely rank, without shrinking from the mockery. Courtiers, sirdars‡, and troops, the substantial appendages of a native prince, are, luckily for the happiness and peace of the Carnatic, no longer his.

These restless-looking, haughty idlers, who are sauntering up to us, their little all expended on the fine robes they wear save a frugal meal provided daily in their

* Throne. † Native court. ‡ Native chiefs.

gloomy homes by trembling females or some wretched slave, would, but for our happier rule, be the petty tyrants of some of those peaceful villages we shall soon visit.

The large man on the grey horse, with the shâwl turban, gold-threaded sash and silver-headed creese (or dagger,) to whom they are all now salaaming, is a native of some distant province, not perhaps under our authority. The housings of his horse you see are embroidered with gold; his reins silken; the animal too has a breast-plate and head ornaments of shell-work; the servant running by his side holds that spade-shaped screen so as always to shade his face; and the man himself, though looking vain as well as proud, has a free, cheerful, self-satisfied air. — Not so this moollah or Mahomedan priest. Mark his iron-grey beard and wrinkled forehead; and those fiercely sparkling eyes, alive and youthful with a

feeling of hate. What an insolent vindictive look he casts at us! He recollects, for he was a young man then, when in the year 1780 the horse of Hyder rode shouting through the gardens of our countrymen; and recollects too that he wished them success.

As you pass along this bazaar, you see exposed for sale under mean tile-covered verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, all such articles of food, clothing, use or ornament, as there is a common demand for among the Moors at Madras. But, from the general poverty of this class, you meet with no display of costly goods or delicacies; — all sorts of rice, grain, pulse, vegetables, spices, fruits, and coarse sweetmeats; — shops filled with cloths, silks, shawls, and tissue of common quality; — others with lace, embroidery, and tinsel; — others with slippers of leather or cloth, more or less showy in colour and ornaments; — others

with all sorts of women's "joys" or ornaments, such as ear-rings, nose-jewels, armlets, anklets, and silver zones; — some with small carpets of different patterns; — others with horse furniture of cotton, silk, or embroidery; — some with brazen vessels for cooking and drinking; — others with hookah bottoms, &c. Such is the common display of goods in an Indian bazaar. Moreover, the different workmen ply their trades in the open air.

At the farther end of the Triplicane you pass a mosque, and come upon a place of tombs, some of which are large, and look like small temples. But it is not at Madras that the traveller must look for specimens of mosques, pagodas, or tombs. A mile beyond these is the little town of St. Thomè, prettily situated on the beach. A small cathedral and two neat chapels under the charge of a Portuguese bishop, and a few Roman Catholic priests from Goa, remind you

that some, nay many, in this land of heathens bear the name of Christian; and kneel before that cross which we know in future ages will be adored in spirit and in truth by their own more blessed posterity, and by the happier descendants of the blinded millions who now bow down to idols, or rally round the pale and waning crescent.

Very soon after my arrival in India, I marched from the presidency to Bellary, a military station and collectorship in the ceded districts south of the Toombadra.

Marching in this country is certainly pleasant, although perhaps you rise too early for comfort. An hour before daybreak you mount your horse; and, travelling at an easy pace, reach your ground before the sun has any power; and find a small tent pitched with breakfast ready on the table. Your large tent follows

with couch and baggage, carried by bullocks and coolies; and before nine o'clock, you may be washed, dressed, and employed with your books, pen, or pencil. Mats, made of the fragrant roots of the Cuscus grass, are hung before the doors of your tent to windward, and being constantly wetted, admit, during the hottest winds, a cool refreshing air.

Three o'clock is the common hour of dinner; and in the evening, you ride, or stroll out on foot, as inclination leads. If your habits are those of a sportsman, and you are provided with dogs, gun, and hog-spear, you will be almost sure to find amusement morning and evening.

The man of tamer habits, looks round and finds great and continual enjoyment in contemplating scenes, and people, and a world so new to him.

While our forefathers were clad in

wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chace, the Hindoo lived as now: — as now, his princes were clothed in soft raiment, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces. — As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labour, the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep bowerie * by the labour of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which their fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand,

* A well.

and to write, and keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm or cocoa, by the village-schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change money at a shroff's*, or borrow it at usury, for the expences of a wedding or festival. In short, all that the traveller sees around him of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great. So that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment.

Allowing for difference in the face of the country, and also in the sites of them, Indian villages much resemble each other.

* Shroff, an Indian banker, or money-changer.

Those in the plain open country, in addition to their mud wall, and their heavy gates of wood studded with iron knobs, have a small fort or ghurry, more carefully built of mud, or else of brick, and often stone, according to the wealth or importance of them. These sort of defences throughout the company's territories, have universally fallen to decay. A volume in praise of our present rule, as compared with the ancient order of things, could not speak more plainly, or half so convincingly in its favour.

You meet with the same figures and objects in most of them. The ryots, or cultivators, are almost always Hindoos. If the village be large and rich, you see numbers of sleek-looking, indolent Brahmins. All business, in places of any trade, is transacted by men of the Bhyse or Banian cast, who are shroffs, merchants, shopkeepers, and clerks: these classes generally wear vests of muslin, cotton,

or silk; large loin-cloths; and good turbans. The ryots, who are of the Soodra cast, wear very small cloths round the middle, and coarse turbans. You find the Chehteree, or fighting-cast, dressed according to their means, with vest, turban, and sash, or with Brahmin-like loin cloths; and they will labour on their own land when not on military service.

The subject of the casts and sects among the Hindoos has been so fully and so ably discussed, that it is not necessary for me to enter further on it than briefly to show the system. Suffice it to say, that the Brahmins rank pre-eminently first; they are privileged to officiate as priests of the gods, supposed to meditate continually on things divine, and live upon the industry of the other three. The second, or Chehteree cast, is considered noble; from this princes are, or rather used to be chosen; from this men are trained to the use of arms

and military service. The third, or Bhyse cast, conduct all the details of business, commerce, and all the internal trade. In the fourth, or Soodra, are comprised all labourers, artizans, and manufacturers. All others of the native population of India, and they are numerous, are chandalas or outcasts, and perform the lowest offices of toil and drudgery. (I am not including here the Mussulman inhabitants of Hindostan, whom I only regard as the descendants of invading conquerors and foreign settlers.)

The vedas or sacred books of the Hindoos, can only be read by Brahmins; and the second cast alone is privileged even to listen to them. The two others cannot either read or hear them read; they are permitted however to use the shasters, or holy commentaries on the vedas. The poor chandalah is more highly privileged in the sight of the

Christian than any of them. His idolatry, like ours, must be that of a bewildered fancy, or perverse heart; for he dare not enter a temple, touch an altar, or offer devotion to any of their idols.

I presume on no comment here. The reader, as we travel forward, will soon discover what influence their religion has on the morals of the Hindoos: and the manner of their worship, and the nature of the lives they lead, these pages will in part illustrate.

In the villages, their cottages, though built of mud, are many of them exceedingly neat, and clean. In front, they have wide seats of hardened clay raised two or three feet from the ground, with or without small verandahs. The roofs of this first class of cottage are flat; and the walls inside and out are painted, or rather daubed with white and red alternately in broad longitudinal stripes.

The owners also, if of high cast, mark the seat and the ground near the door with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung fresh laid on every morning. On these no man of lower cast dare tread.

You often, at break of day, see a female of the family with cow-dung and water laying down these lines, and, holding a little incense or a few sacred flowers in her hand, repeat some formula of prayer. If a tree be near the door, the trunk of it enjoys the full benefit of these daubs and sprinklings.

Of course, the common huts are smaller and ruder; they are generally thatched with leaves of the palm or cocoa-nut, and sometimes, indeed, are made altogether of matting or basket-work, with bamboo supporters.

Almost all the dwellings are so built as to admit of a court for their cattle,

either in a central space, or close behind with a mud-wall inclosure.

In most villages, you will see near the bazaar one or more lofty wide-spreading trees, with broad beds of hardened clay raised round their huge trunks. Here, at the burning hour of noon, the cooly deposits his load, the traveller his bundle, or the horseman ties up his steed, and all under the favour of its shade compose themselves to sleep. Even here they contrive to avoid any accidental defilement of cast; and a very high cast wealthy man would take sole and undisputed possession, without he encountered one of the faithful* sleeping on his horse-cloth with a scimitar beside him.

Tanks, or reservoirs of water, and topes, or small groves of trees are commonly found side by side at the entrance of

A Mahomedan.

Indian villages; and in such spots, if native travellers be numerous, they halt for the night, bathe and perform their ablutions in the tank; cook, take their food, and rest in the tope. Here you may see the bearded Mahometan sitting cross-legged on a carpet, smoking his hookah, with a ragged boy shampooing his tired horse beside him,—the Hindoos, according to their casts, boiling their rice and mixing their curry-stuff within small circles cut on the ground, for you to pass which, would be defilement both to their food and themselves; and far apart, despised and rejected of all, the wretched Chandalah eating his ten cash worth of flavourless cold rice, and enjoying, for it is his enjoyment, a short respite from labour, if not ill usage.

In poor villages the small temple for the idol will be of mud, white-washed, and ornamented with clay figures, the work of the potter. Here and there too,

in different spots are always to be seen small Lingams* for daily Pooja†, or some strange-shaped stones or ancient trees, long since consecrated by the craft of a Brahmin, and daubed over or decked with flowers to secure the veneration of the credulous and consenting people. In and near towns or populous places are stone choultries for travellers, supported by handsome pillars, curiously carved with figures of men, women, and animals, regarded as sacred. In such spots, moreover, the pagodas are solidly built of granite. Their walls, columns, and lofty gateways, elaborately sculptured with images in full, demi or bas-relief of gods and monsters. They have also sacred tanks lined and faced with stone, to which you descend by flights of steps in rows, continued round the whole inside

* The Lingam is a stone pillar of a peculiar shape, the origin and attributes of which will be found in the systems of Hindoo mythology.

† Prayer.

of the tank. A more particular description of a pagoda I will attempt hereafter.

In the south of India, where there are few large rivers, you often find spacious tracts under cultivation entirely supplied with water from immense tanks, filled during the rains by many contributing streams and torrents. These reservoirs have been the beds of naturally-formed pools originally, and have been enlarged and kept full by the turning of channels, assisting the localities, and casting up embankments. I have met with them many miles in circumference. If the country near them be hilly, they give a noble character to the scenery, and every where, in a land like India in its hottest season, delight and refresh the eye.

To walk along the bund or embankment of one of these capacious lakes at rise or set of sun, on one side of you a broad sheet of water with a back ground

of lofty hill, rocky, broken, and patched with jungle; on the other a wide and rich carpet of green rice, its stalks fresh and glistening in their watery beds, and its tender blades bright with a verdure unknown in Europe, is a pleasure in the enjoyment of which you may for a while forget those rural scenes of old England, which will often intrude themselves unbidden on your fancy, and render tasteless views less favoured, but still of much beauty.

About sunset you always meet large droves of oxen and buffaloes returning from pasture, to sleep within the village walls. In our territories they no longer need protection from predatory horse; but there is still a fear of loss from tigers, or common thieves, and small insignificant parties of robbers. The buffalo, though very useful, is the most hideous animal in India. It is of a dirty mouse-colour, with little and thin hair; its horns, large and

unsightly, lie back upon the neck; for its head is always carried horizontally in its length, protruding forward with a wild or stupid gaze. The oxen of the east are, on the contrary, very handsome; they have a peculiarly formed, but not an ugly hump, rising above the shoulder, large falling dewlaps, but clean, sinewy limbs; they are strong and active both for draft and carriage; and when they are very young, before they are fit for labour, they are as light and springy in their motions as deer. The milk and ghee* of the buffalo is used as commonly among the natives as that of the cow, if not more so.

As you lie in your tent, just composing yourself to sleep, you are often disturbed by the wild cry of a large pack of jackalls. Their yell is a mournful, almost an ap-

* Ghee, clarified butter, much used in Indian cookery.

palling, sound. The images it conjures up are all of a desolate character. The idea of a faint, wounded, and forsaken traveller, lying conscious of his horrible fate, yet speechless, as they come howling onwards, and snuffing for his blood, is terrific. Many, many an Indian traveller has thus perished; I mean native of course. They will at any time fly from the voice or face of man; and a waking servant soon drives them from your tent.

The lighting of your lamp and the stirring of your servants generally rouse you up at three in the morning. While you are washing and dressing he prepares you a cup of coffee; and your Lascars* begin striking the walls of your tent, — you feel quite cold, and discover that a great coat is as much wanted in India by a traveller

Lascars, servants whose principal duty it is to strike and pitch tents.

as at home. You mount your horse and follow the village-guide, who, with large fire-sticks, runs, or rather shuffles along before you at a tedious pace, broken continually by trifling obstacles; nor is it till the grey dawn shows you your road, and perhaps a small herd of antelopes bounding beautifully across it, that you feel your *mind* fully awake. To be sure, if there be moon-light, the march has beauties, and the stars in this climate shine with a distinctness and a lustre never seen in our native country.

The roads in India are only beaten car-tracks, and seem to the English eye very solitary and unfrequented; there is little stir, little travelling on them. Now and then you meet a couple of merchants on ambling ponies; a woman with a child in her arms riding on a saddle-bullock, followed by her husband armed with an old matchlock; a few laden bullocks with a family behind them; the men on

foot, the women in a covered hackery; a few sepoys on furlough, with their wives and children; a long string of clumsy bullock-cars laden with goods or stores, or a large caravan of brinjarry-bullocks, carrying grain. The brinjarries are a race of wandering grain-merchants, and trade all over Hindostan; particularly in the Deccan. They carry their families, their few worldly goods, and even their idols with them. A certain number of their finest bullocks are the leaders of small herds, and have lofty ornaments between the horns of coloured cotton with a plume of the cow-tail, and collars round their necks with small bells like the mules of Europe.

Among the objects you meet on the road are often seen the fakirs, who are religious beggars. Some of them wear turbans of a deep reddish yellow, and loin cloths of the same; others go naked and shameless, with a matted head of

hair, and their bodies daubed over with the ashes of cow-dung; large strings of beads round their necks, and muttering or singing as they go. These wretches have the hateful influence with the people here, which the begging monks of the order of St. Francis had with the people of Europe before the blessed Reformation. Such are the figures and groupes usually seen on the roads in our territory in Hindostan; but where, you will ask, are the elephants, the camels, the numerous horsemen, objects you have ever associated in your mind with travelling in India. On the Madras side you may journey three hundred miles and see none of either, without you meet a body of troops, a general officer, or some civil servant of high rank, then you may chance to see a few carriage-elephants and camels. The native princes connected with us, who yet maintain the shadow of their former power, have a few howdah-elephants, and a few hundred

camels; but their keep is very expensive; and the company's officers and servants on the coast could not afford to have them on their establishments. For the service of our commissariat we, of course, have many and very noble elephants. In Bengal and the western provinces they are commonly in use with the military and civil servants.

As to horsemen, the peaceful habits of the lower classes under us, and the poverty of all who would probably have been the nobles and officers under native princes, must account for the total absence of that upper class of easy idler you expect to meet with in a luxurious country like India; and would, but for our conquest, have found. But it must be recollected that rank and wealth are the gifts of a day with an eastern ruler, held only during his pleasure; and the possessors have generally lost them at the death of

their prince; always by a change of government, and the fate of conquest.

And now, reader, with this scanty stock of real information; but with a few portraits you will find useful in assisting your mind's eye, I would carry you, without regarding the connection of stages, and dates, to look upon such scenes as interested me, and will, I hope, not altogether fail of amusing and interesting you.

About forty miles from Madras, the route to Bellary brings you to the foot of the eastern Ghauts, at the small town of Naggery. Our camp was in a fine verdant spot, with many old shady tamarind-trees, and a broad stream of clear running water close to us. Before us the Ghauts abruptly rose. The mountains are broken into many forms, here rounded and woody, there pointed and of bare rock; on the sides of them are masses of confused strata intermingled

with shrubs and plants, and here and there, as the soil may have found a more secure lodgement, grow a few trees of larger size. The whole producing a noble effect; for although the Ghants rise nowhere to a greater height than three thousand feet, still, as you come upon them after marching over the plains of the Carnatic, they arrest and please the sight. While breakfast was getting ready I amused myself with looking at a baggage-elephant and a few camels, which some servants, returning with a general's tents from the Deccan, were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known; but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human voice; and, when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat; or, bending the joint of his hind leg, make a step for him to climb up behind, and

then, if any loose cloths or cords fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again, will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from the lofty tree near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the nonchalance of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready. These animals also kneel to be laden. When in motion, they have a very awkward gait, and seem to travel at a much slower pace than they really do. Their tall out-stretched necks, long sinewy limbs, and broad spongy feet; their head furniture, neck-bells, and the rings in their nostrils, with their lofty loads, and a driver generally on the top of the leading one, have a strange appearance; and if you meet them in the sandy bed of a river, or on a barren and burning plain, from ideas you associate with them, are very picturesque objects.

At Naggery, a serious robbery was committed on an officer of my detachment. The town and neighbourhood being under a native zemindar, or petty rajah, though subject to us, is under his immediate rule. The head people of Naggery, who I had reason to know harboured and protected the thieves, rather countenancing, and perhaps benefitting by their system of plundering travellers, shewed no disposition to take any trouble about the matter, I therefore arrested two of them; this led to an amusing scene. The rajah, who lives a few miles distant, sent his vakeel to accommodate matters between us, and interfere for their release. This man, a most respectable looking elderly person, of grave polite demeanour, came on horseback at the head of a large crowd of people, among whom were several brahmins and well-dressed natives, and about forty armed men with round lackered shields, swords, creeses, and tall

spears. They wore large turbans overshadowing their brows, and on their feet sandals of a rude and ancient make, the leather of them cut and stamped ornamentally. The vakeel alighted at some distance from my tent, put off his slippers at the door of it, and with his hands joined, as we do in prayer, entered with a very low salaam, bowing down and touching his forehead with his hands. Some attendants brought in curious old brass dishes, presents of fruit, sweetmeats, rice, and flowers; outside others held two fine sheep, and several fowls. Not thoroughly understanding or yielding to their usages, I touched the flowers and fruit in token of acceptance, and forbade the rest. I treated him with great respect, and expressed myself to him plainly, without heat, but with serious displeasure.

I wanted him to reimburse my officer by a fine on the village, and refused to

release my prisoners without this was done. He was disposed to do it, and conferred with the prisoners, but they were unyielding, as, to their astonishment, I proved also; for I took these proud brahmins three stages with me; and, but for the kindly conveyed advice of the Chittoor magistrate, had marched them many more; which, from their insolence, and the information I knew them to possess about the property lost, they merited; and I am sure they would then have found means to recover it. But it was only to introduce the group that I have troubled you with this story; and I must add, that when after the vakeel had conferred with the prisoners he came to take leave of me, I was standing in the open air in my loose undress almost alone. The whole party halted about forty yards from me, and he advancing with a few, about twenty, left his slippers there and approached me barefooted.

I can hardly describe what, as an Englishman, a citizen of the world, and a man, I felt at all this slave-like deference. However, reader, in or near the company's territories, such a scene is of rare occurrence; for the administration of justice, and the collection of revenue, throwing all wealth, power, influence, and patronage, into the hands of the civil servants, cause the military officer to be regarded with far less consideration and respect, not only than he is justly entitled to, but than it is politic he should enjoy.

Between Naggery and the village of Codoor, there is much wild and pretty scenery. At the top of the pass by which you ascend the Ghaut, the road winds for a few miles through a very thick jungle. The day just broke as we entered it; there had been rain; innumerable birds were fluttering about, and calling in their different notes. Creeping

and climbing plants of a great variety, and all beautiful, were scattered in rich profusion; here forming large thick beds on the earth, and there hanging pendant from branches, clinging round old trunks of trees, and framing canopies from one to another.

I must honestly avow, that having no skill in plants, I cannot give their names; and it is but fair to tell you, reader, before you turn over the next page, that I cannot scientifically describe any thing, not even the process of a manufacture. Any information about mineral strata, beds of rock, earths, names and classes of rare vegetable productions, or other wonders of the wide field of nature, I could not attempt to offer from knowledge or observation of my own. And as I have not either the wish or hope to excite the attention of other readers than those of my own class, I will venture boldly forward on my own quiet path.

After all I may ask, for my very confession, humble as it reads, has awakened and alarmed the little plaguing demon of vanity, I may ask, I say, whether perceptions of beauty in the works of nature are greatly increased, or at all, by that scientific acquaintance with her arcana which is within the reach of common minds, directed to the study of natural history. I say common minds, because some there are who fathom so deep into the abyss of her mysteries, that they seem to walk the earth alone, and to maintain an acquaintance with nature awfully sublime in the sight of others, though often, unhappily, incomprehensible to themselves; — such a man is Humboldt: puny philosophers feed on the lightest and easiest of his treatises, and fancy themselves wise; he, familiar with discovery, sighs for the possession of yet another secret; and, while he illuminates the minds of thousands, laments the darkness of his own.

To the eye of a Raphael, all the beauties of an exquisite picture stand *fully and at once* displayed. But while a connoisseur of dwarfish attainments may stand in a gallery, and descant upon the peculiar defects or excellencies of this or that school of painters, an amateur can pronounce on the nature of this attitude, the truth of that expression, the loveliness of that face, or the graces of this form, before he is told by a printed catalogue that Titian, Caracci, Murillo, or Guido, are the masters he is admiring.

On the road to a place called Baulpilly, whither I sent the commissariat bullocks the evening before our march to it, a royal tiger sprung out upon them, and carried one off. The carcase, half-devoured, was found in the morning near the spot; from the nature of the country, it would have been impossible to find the tiger. Our camp at Baulpilly lay in a beautiful, but very small plain, on every

side surrounded by hills handsomely wooded to their summits.

Here, as in Europe, an Englishman fond of solitary rambles indulges, from habit, even in jungle *; nor is there any great danger, for most animals in a state of wildness, if not pressed by hunger, or alarmed, and without a path for escape, will fly the approach of man.

Of course, however, the feeling is sometimes present, as you pass a lair lately quitted, tread on the hole of the hooded serpent, or see the foot-print of the tiger, or cheeta †, in your path, that, in such lonely haunts, danger and death are never far from you. But then again, a sweeter confidence is thus excited in the fatherly love and care of a merciful God; and gathering a wild flower, you

* Jungle, a thick wood.

† Cheeta, the leopard.

wander on, nor suffer the thought of a *possible* fate, which may visit you as easily in brilliant and guarded saloons, as in pathless deserts, to disturb your harmless enjoyment.

In my evening walk, I saw some of the camp-followers burning the body of a relative just deceased. Death does not so much change the countenance with them, nor from their complexion does it wear that look of livid ghastliness so affecting in the appearance of a European's corpse; the closed eye, motionless lips, and stiffened form, alone proclaim this last and solemn sleep.

The body was placed on a few dry logs, mingled with smaller sticks; at the head lay an oblation of rice and saffron; a few flowers were scattered on the pile; a libation of water poured out; an anointing of oil. I do not recollect to have seen, on this occasion, the blood

offering which it is usual to make at funerals by sacrificing a cock; but they were poor and of low cast. I saw them however again at a later hour, at the funeral repast, and while the flames were yet licking up the remains of that hand which was but the yesterday in the same dish with them.

At a place called Wuntimettah, which you approach by a noble tank some miles in circumference, I found two pagodas; one very large. Both were deserted, having been defiled many years before by Tippoo, who fortified, armed, and put troops in them. Though in a state of general decay, no part has fallen, and much of the carved work is still perfect. I must here remark, that, except among the learned, the curious, or the wealthy, who possess as library furniture the large works on India, with their expensive plates, you will find very few persons at a dinner-table in England who would

listen with patience to any thing about Indian architecture. Speak of Grecian, or Roman temples, they are familiar with such images. By the joint aid of modern travellers, poets, or painters, the mosque, the cupola, and the minaret, are still better and more generally known; but pagoda is a word which conveys to most of them the notion of some such fanciful building as they see painted on a Chinese screen, or figured on a Japan card-box.

A brief description of a pagoda of the large class may not be uninteresting. A high, solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height, proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and

smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them; producing, at times, a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky, or trees, form the back ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with the figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life beneath it.

Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the center of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open and supported by numerous stone pillars. An enclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building, contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone; the front rows of

which are often shaped by the sculptor into various sacred animals rampant, rode by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imagery and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite, all the incarnations of Vishnou the preserver; here Siva the destroyer, riding on his bull with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute; Kamadeva, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane strung with flowers or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varoona, the god of the seas, on a crocodile. Many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons, instruments of music, &c.; or crowds

of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods pourtrayed in groupes and pictures of demi-relief every where; generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple you see lingams on their altars.

Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession. *

Such, though but roughly, and, I fear, not very intelligibly sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily re-

* It not unfrequently happens, that frantic devotees throw themselves on the ground, as the temple approaches, and suffer themselves to be crushed by its wheels.

sort, with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; and hither, on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groupes of dancing girls, — beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion; or listen to the wild and obscene fictions, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music; or gather round self-torturing devotees, with frantic shouts of approbation.

Thus it is that, according to enthusiastic Orientialists, the imaginative Hindoos worship one holy and invisible God in all his various attributes. There can be little doubt, that a fancy beautifully creative laid the foundation of that system of Hindoo mythology, the present superstructure of which is so *monstrous*. But to say, that, of the vast population of India, any considerable body are simple

deists, is an assertion hardly worth one scratch of the pen to disprove.

Among the countless millions of Brahma's votaries, I do not believe there are one hundred so *spiritual* in their perceptions, nor one-tenth of that number so honest in their avowal and their teaching. No! — they are blind idolaters; blinded by that common curse which fell upon the whole family of the human race, and are sitting in the shadow of that darkness which the Sun of Righteousness can *alone* dissipate; and will, in the appointed time, with the bright and beauteous rays of mercy and of truth.

I do not tell you that the Hindoos are destitute of moral excellence; but, to speak generally, the standard of it is miserably low. The ryot, who toils all day and sleeps all night, is peaceful; — the parent is fond, — the husband tender, — friends are united. —

But let us pause! — look at yon Brahmin, stepping in haughty wrath from his cottage: — that poor wretch, of lower cast, faint with a mortal sickness, has *fallen too near* his threshold; and may, though he has not yet, defile it! He does not stoop to aid the dying man; administers nothing to his crying, though speechless wants. No! — such charity would pollute him. — He hurries off, and returning with two obedient villagers, has him borne away, to breathe his last, perhaps unsheltered; and to rot in an unfrequented spot near the village, without the last poor privilege of a funeral pile.

Look again at these aged Brahmins in earnest converse. In the garden from whence they are passing forth, sits the widow of a respectable native just deceased. She is only twelve years of age, and was betrothed (no more) to the husband she had but once seen. She has

just heard from them how it is expected she should honour God, and attain heaven. Terrified she looks, and is. — The sun shines bright, the earth looks green to her, — she would live, and taste those bounties a merciful Creator gives. She must not! — Ere the shadows of evening close, her ripening form and delicate limbs will be wrapped in flame. Sad nuptials these, to be embraced on the funeral pile by death! yet the horn, the drum, the cymbal, and the shouts of a glad multitude, speak joy.

The *mild* Hindoo! — the term is mockery. It is insulting the piety, it is trifling with the sense of an Englishman, to tell him that the Hindoos are inoffensive and tolerating religionists. Pleased with their own attainments in Oriental literature, finding their pride flattered by all that is respectful and submissive in the manners, and their taste indulged by all that is pretty and scenic in the cus-

toms of the people of India, I verily believe that half the men who have so admiringly pourtrayed these unfortunate idolaters, have deceived themselves, as well as others. For my own part, I view the faith of Islam with *comparative* respect. The dregs of the Mussulman population are, to be sure, vile enough; but the better class of Mahometans have some knowledge of the God of Abraham; and pious Mahometans are to be met with in India, who have been permitted to distinguish between the stolen jewels and the false stones and tinsel of the Koran; and know that the fasting of the inner man, the cleansing of secret sins, never born into acts, by repentance and prayer, are the most precious sacrifices they can offer to Him. I cannot but think, and have long believed, that the conversion of the Mahometan world, whenever it begins, will spread with astonishing rapidity. "Could Mahometans be satisfied," said a Sirdar to me,

"that Isaac was the child of promise, they would make but a short stand for the Koran." And, as to their sins, they could not make a stouter than most of us born in Christian countries do, I am sure I may safely add. But the sum of what I mean is, that, *as compared with Hindoo worship*, that of Mahometans has a plainness, a simplicity, a rationality.

To return. — Cudapah was the first place on the route which looked like a city. Two or three mosques, surmounted by gilt crescents; a citadel in ruins; some decayed and crumbling mansions, choked-up baths, and waste gardens, declared that it had known more splendid, though, perhaps, less peaceful times. As you approach it you cross a vast plain, on which the only trees are those planted on a long avenue on either side of your road. The bazaars here were spacious, built with much regularity, and crowded with Mahomet-

ans; Cudapah having been, for many years, a Patan settlement, under an independent Nawab.

In the neighbourhood of this place I saw a bearded old man, in a dark coloured vest and turban, riding a fine spirited horse, and followed by a servant, carrying his hog-spear, and leading a couple of dogs. He looked at me sternly, and with much haughtiness; but I felt not an emotion of anger, for he looked brave, and like a soldier, and, for aught I knew, had once been a sirdar of rank and approved fidelity, perhaps the killedar * of the hill-fort, which frowned in the far distance, and, awakening the pride of past times, made him burn at the galling thought that he was now a pensioner, and of Christians. In some of the native armourers' shops at Cudapah, I saw many curious old shields and lances, and

* Killedar, the military governor of a fort.

some matchlocks, which had been very ornamentally inlaid, and appeared of the oldest construction.

At one of the villages where we halted, I met with a sort of wandering tribe, in basket-huts, much reminding me of the gypsies at home.

They were a tall fine-formed race, of a tawny complexion; their women loaded with paltry ornaments, and beads of coloured glass: jack-asses, pigs, and fowls, were straying about their camp. They had also numbers of small Tattoo poneys, large fierce dogs, and trained game-cocks: and several of them had tame serpents, in baskets, which they dragged out, and piped to for our amusement. But they were not either of the juggler class, or of the brinjarry tribe. These came from the northward of the Kistnah, in the Mahratta country, and appeared to deal in ornaments of wood, glass, tin,

and feathers. As Indian jugglers have visited the Exhibition-room in Pall Mall, and half the markets and fairs in England, I need hardly name them. Their exhibitions in India are the same they have given at home; only, here they are generally accompanied by tumblers, and snake-charmers, await your pleasure before the door of your tent, and thankfully receive, for the whole performance, about as much as an individual in Pall Mall paid for his admission-ticket.

In the large weaving-villages of India you may see the labour, in almost all its stages, going on in the open air: sometimes in a tope of shady old trees, filled with monkies, who gambol and chatter above the villagers undisturbed. The monkey is held sacred all over India. There is a species of large baboon or ape kept in their pagodas, and very highly venerated from the credited tradition that one of their gods dwelt under that

form while on earth. These animals appear as well acquainted with their privileges as the Brahmins themselves; and, descending at sun-set from the tower of the temple, in the niches of which they live, they plunder, fearlessly, the fields and gardens; nor are they ever molested, except by a sly sceptic as to their divinity, when he is certain he cannot be discovered.

The next place to Cudapah, of any note, was Gooty, a very formidable hill-fort. It stands quite insulated, and rises several hundred feet above the level of the plain. Its sides and rocky summit are crowded with the defences peculiar to the native style of fortification:—walls within walls, gates, winding passages, and flights of steps, and towers at the irregular angles, formed according to the nature of the ground, look menacingly down on the assailant:—but "*dare* greatly, *do*

greatly," is, and always has been, the motto in the attack of these fortresses.

When, in 1791, the British lay before it, it was pronounced, at the deliberations of a military council, as it looks, impregnable. This report was delivered to Major Gowdie, commanding: — he bluntly replied, "I have got the order in my pocket to take it!" And, on the morrow, he assaulted and carried it.

You will be ready to exclaim, our Indian foes must be sad cowards. The fact is not so. Individually, both the Moorish and Hindoo soldiers are brave. They want discipline, system, dependence on each other's fidelity, and a humbler opinion of themselves. They are very careless and indolent, especially in garrison, relying much on the clumsy and crowded defences of the fortress they hold. The ease, therefore, with which they are beaten in the field, and driven

from their strong-holds, may be accounted for. What native soldiers can effect, when trained, appointed, and led by British officers, the gallant Sepoys, of all three presidencies, have openly and honourably proved on many trying occasions.

In the upper fort of Gooty, in a guard-house on a confined shelf of rock, from whence the view is very commanding, I saw a Pindarre chief, (if chief be not a term too noble for the leader of two hundred wretches, neither armed, equipped, nor mounted for war, and formidable only to defenceless villagers.) As he lay upon the ground, wrapped in a coarse cumly, he looked like a common cooly; but, when he rose, his short sinewy frame, thick moustachios, and restless eye, bespoke that incredible activity, pitiless ferocity, and quick caution, which render these such terrible enemies to the countries they over-run.

Early in September, I reached Bellary. It is a large station, with an upper and lower fort, and extensive cantonments. The upper fort is built on a bare naked rock, about four hundred feet above the lower, in which there are barracks for the European soldiers. The lines for the natives are outside, about a mile distant. Few, if any, of the officers' bungalows are less than half a mile from the fort gates. There are, on two different roads, very large detached suburbs, or pettahs. The bazaars, in both, are good: one very spacious, regular, and well supplied.

The military stations in India have so many features in common, that one description may give a general idea of all. The Europeans invariably have barracks; the native soldiers lines, that is, on a given line are built places of arms, either several small, or a few large ones, as they may be designed for companies only, or

for battalions. In front of these buildings is the grand parade; in rear are the huts and families of the Sepoys. All the officers live in bungalows, which are neat dwellings of brick, with verandahs; the walls covered with chunam, and the roofs tiled and sloping: these are either rented, purchased, or built by the officers; and in size, convenience, and decoration, differ according to the taste and circumstances of each individual. They have all either gardens, or compounds with wells, stabling, and offices.

The life at out-stations may be as briefly sketched. The troops are under arms whenever it is considered necessary, for parade, or exercise, either at daybreak, or sun-set. At the same hours, duty not interfering, you take your rides and drives. There is a sort of social luncheon called a tiffin, for which you sit down to table at one or two o'clock daily. The dinner hour is from seven

to eight in the evening. Occasional sporting parties, and pic-nics, and if the station be large, races, a few balls, and perhaps a performance by amateurs in a private theatre, or a musical party, break the monotony of your life. "My horse!" or "my hat, stick, and gloves!" are calls never heard in this climate at noon-day. The long summer-evening's ramble, or the yet longer evening of winter with lights, fire, books, and music, are alike unknown here. It is dark before seven all the year round. In the hot season, the evening hours are breathless and oppressive; in the wet season, damp, windy, and comfortless.

I was six months at this station.

On the last night of the mohurrum, a Mahometan festival, I walked out after dark in a white jacket, went alone into the large pettah outside the fort, and mingled with the crowds on foot, that I

might fairly see the people, as it were, in their joyous undress character: for, when you ride among them, or are borne in your palanquin, you labour under many disadvantages for close observation.

A fine noisy tumultuous scene it was. I first met an immense crowd carrying a sort of light ornamental temple, made of pasteboard, talc, and gauze, and painted and gilt with much taste. At the head of this crowd were groupes of tumblers, and men with ornaments and bells on their legs, dancing like our morrice-dancers; there were also several low masks, such as men naked, their bodies painted like tigers, and led in chains by others, either crawling on all-fours, or roaring and springing about amidst the crowd; others daubed over with a shining African black colour, and armed with short staves, imitating negro combats and dances.

Then several hundred Mahometans, (most in our army), with glittering sabres, black shields, and in their native dresses; turbans of green, red, purple, pale blue, rose, brown, and all colours; large wide trowsers of silk, of the gaudiest patterns, and many with shawls thrown over one shoulder. Nearer the Tazier, were groupes of dancing-girls, covered with joys, and dressed in showy muslins and silks, with round golden embossed plates on the back of the head. Numbers of insolent-looking Fakirs, and a vast concourse of people of all casts and classes.

All these distinctly seen at night-time, by the light of innumerable torches, matchlocks firing off, rockets flying, the few natives who had horses, galloping and prancing round the crowd, and one huge elephant, borrowed from our commissariat to make up the procession, gave a very lively picture of an eastern festival. As I walked in the bazaar, I

came upon a crowd, one minute attentively silent, the next merrily talkative. I pushed among them, and found an exhibition of the magic-lantern kind: in light, colouring, and motion, it was exceedingly well managed. The representations were combats between natives and English; now groupes of horsemen, now of foot; now a single combat. The showman explained every scene, with many coarse jokes which I could not understand, but which took vastly with the crowd. The British were *always beaten*, especially in the horse-encounters, and their figures and dress were much caricatured. Had I been known, I should perhaps have been insulted, but with my hat over my eyes, and a handkerchief held generally to my face, I was probably taken for a half-cast Christian. Fruits, sweetmeats, sherbet, arrack, and toddy, were selling every where. In many places were large shallow pits filled with fires, round which circles of Moors bran-

dishing their naked swords, danced a sort of war-dance in honour of the victorious Ali; singing and shouting at every pause "Ali, Ali!" Occasionally too, one or other of them leaped into and through the fire with looks and gestures half frantic. Walking on, you will see at the corner of one street tumblers, at another dancing-girls; here singers and music, there a story-teller with a party squatted round him. In short, every thing wore a festive pleasure-seeking air; and, in spite of the difference of climate, religion, laws, and education, we find the materials in which the heart of man seeks the coarse gratifications suited to it in its natural state, are pretty much the same all over the world. Noise, glitter, show, vanity of dress, and indulgence of animal appetite. Portsdown-fair has its booths, stages, merry-andrews, puppet-shows, jessamy waistcoats, and flaring ribbands. Portman Square, the Opera-house, the theatres,

and Vauxhall, have corresponding pleasures suited to tastes a little, and often *but a little* more refined. And I could remind, or perhaps inform the fashionable gamesters of St. James's Street, that before England ever saw a dice-box, many a main has been won and lost under a palm-tree, in Malacca, by the half-naked Malays, with wooden and painted dice; and that he could not pass through a bazaar in this country without seeing many parties playing with cards, most cheaply supplied to them by leaves of the cocoa-nut, or palm-tree, dried, and their distinctive characters traced with an iron style.

Such features of general resemblance in their manners have the enlightened inhabitants of Europe, and the poor ignorant crowds of Hindostan!

Within forty miles of Bellary are the interesting ruins of the ancient city of

Bijanagur. As no common or public route passes near them, they have been seldom visited, and are little known. Bijanagur was founded in 1336. It was the last capital of the last Hindoo empire, and appears, from its strong situation in a difficult and rugged country just south of the Toombudra, to have been fixed upon as a sort of retreat for that monarchy, after the loss of Deoghir, and the reduction of its power in the Deccan. It was at first, indeed, called the city of science; but, as it rose in strength and splendour, that of victory. From hence the Hindoo rajah gave the law to the five kingdoms, into which the Deccan was broken by those haughty and ambitious princes, who had thrown off the yoke of Delhi. For a long time these sovereigns, though nominally independent, paid tribute to the rajahs of Bijanagur; till, in 1564, they suddenly combined their efforts for the overthrow of his power. In a sanguinary battle on the plains of Telli-

cotta, Ram Rajah was taken and put to death; his immense host utterly defeated, his capital laid open to the avarice and fury of the victors, and the sceptre of Hindoo empire broken for ever.

When the traveller, after winding wearily for many a mile through hill and jungle, at length reaches the small village of Cumlapoor, he looks eagerly to the north of it for the site and ruins of Bijanagur; but when he sees the prospect filled and bounded by lofty and rugged piles of rock, heaped up in strange and threatening forms, and all the valleys which separate them choaked up with bush and giant-grass, with, here and there, a few large and ancient trees thinly scattered, he pauses in doubt and disappointment, for he cannot think that city ever stood in so barren and desolate a spot. The naked and torrent-furrowed hills before him seem rather the mighty ruins of some work of nature.

where, in the long succession of ages, deluge after deluge has swept down the soil that covered, and, with it, the verdant dress of turf and shrub that adorned them. A colossal figure of the god Ganesa, with his elephant-head, another of the stately bull of Siva, two or three broken gateways, and several large blocks of hewn stone, scattered loosely on the road beneath him, which they once paved, make him look more attentively around; and he now sees that the sides of these naked hills are studded with rude choultries of stone; that small pagodas are erected at their summits; and that the perpendicular masses of stone in the rock itself, and those columns prepared and raised by human labour, are so intermingled with each other, as not to be readily distinguished at the first admiring unsettled gaze. In the valleys between them he sees fragments of pillars, walls, pagodas, or choultries, scattered in the thick jungle; here peer-

ing a little above it, there nearly concealed by rich mantles of creeping plants. A cluster of domes discovered on his right, as he passes the large tamarind-trees beyond the village, demand, by their imposing appearance, his first visit.

One building of no great depth, with ten lofty arches, and as many small domes, declares its former princely use as a stable for elephants. Of the larger domes, one is over a fine gateway, the other over the entrance to some presence-chamber, which has long fallen in; while many lighter and smaller ones, on a high decaying wall, still look upon a weed-covered garden, adorned with the remains of kiosks and fountains. Near this again is a building with deep piazzas, which doubtless have been often filled with slavish guards, prepared alike to defend or slay at the voice or even look of a despotic master.

You cross the garden, where imprisoned beauty once strayed. You look at the elephant-stable and the remaining gateway, with a mind busied in conjuring up some associations of luxury and magnificence. And yet these are but the meaner ruins of the hastily-built palace of some nameless sirdar, to whom the government of this scene of desolation and misery was given by those victor princes, who rode triumphant hence, glutted with spoil, and drunk with slaughter, and left him to glean that field of blood and plunder they were weary of devastating. Sorrowfully I passed on. Every stone beneath my feet bore the mark of chisel, or of human skill and labour. You tread continually on steps, pavement, pillar, capital, or cornice of rude relief displaced, or fallen, and mingled in confusion. Here, large masses of such materials have formed bush-covered rocks, — there, pagodas are still standing entire. You may for miles

trace the city-walls, and can often discover, by the fallen pillars of the long piazza, where it has been adorned by streets of uncommon width. One, indeed, yet remains nearly perfect; at one end of it a few poor Ryots, who contrive to cultivate some patches of rice, cotton, or sugar-cane in detached spots near the river, have formed mud-dwellings under the piazza. Here also is a large pagoda perfect, and kept in good repair; for to this spot a pilgrimage is made annually by crowds of devout Hindoos, who hold a fair in this wild scene, and perform their ablutions in the sacred Toombudra, which flows past these ruins, hurrying over a bed of rock, and often broken and intercepted in its course by huge picturesque masses of it. Here, on a smooth stone, at the river's brink, I found the impression of two feet, encircled by the hooded or sacred serpent, the well known emblem of eternity. Such symbol notes a spot, where some shrinking victim of

the tyranny and craft of priesthood has been driven to offer herself in sacrifice at the funeral pile of her husband, or perhaps deluded herself by the pride of superstition and custom, has with steady fortitude lighted the very flames, from which she has madly hoped her conquering spirit would ascend, and force the portals of a vanquished heaven.

Such reflections, although they cannot, nor should they blunt our feelings, — as the mind's eye realises the dreadful scenes once acted in this now awful solitude, when, maddened by bigot zeal, the Moorish conquerors stained all these mouldering pagodas with the blood of their priests, — may assist us in believing that the followers of a faith so terribly hostile to idolaters, were the appointed messengers of the wrath of God for their punishment.

One of the pagodas here deserves par-

ticular mention; for, in addition to the admirable sculpture, with which its gates, pillars, and projecting cornices are adorned, it has an idol car, entirely composed of black granite, ornamentally carved, and beautifully executed. It has been moveable, but its wheels are now half bedded in the soil. It has, moreover, under the inner temple, a subterraneous sanctuary. This sanctuary receives a sort of gloomy light from above, but was doubtless designed to be illuminated by torches, when any ceremony or sacrifice was performed there. In it a few small reservoirs with channels and lips, which were wont on solemn occasions to be filled with the urine of the cow, of which, in some of their mysteries, a most disgusting use is often made.

The blood creeps as you stand alone in the gloom of this dungeon-like vault, and reflect on the horrid rites it may have often witnessed. It is dedicated to

the destroyer, and was, perhaps, first consecrated by human blood. It has, probably, often echoed shrieks, and laughter, from which humanity and purity alike revolt. The thought of such crimes might well steel the heart, yet it will throb as you image to yourself the hour of retribution, when a band of Mussulmans broke into this recess, and seizing the assembled priests by those sacred locks hanging from their shaven crowns, dragged them with shouts to the light of day; polluted their necks with the foot of pride; slew all; and rolled their gory heads, as mock-offerings, to the foot of their goddess Kali, whose necklace of human skulls bespoke her not unacquainted with such sacrifice.

With a mind thus occupied, you pass on through this wilderness, in a frame of submission to the will of Heaven, but of a character partaking more of awe and fear, than resignation and love. The de-

solating judgments on other renowned cities, so solemnly foretold, so dreadfully fulfilled, rise naturally to your recollection. Now, as you tread, the wild peacock, with a startling whirr, rises in your path; now, you disturb the basking snake; and here, as the rustling of a thicket attracts your eye, are reminded that these ruins are the haunts of the hyena, and the panther; that the small and frequent patches of sugar-cane give shelter to the wild boar; and that wolves are common in the rocky hills above you.

I climbed the very loftiest rock at daybreak, on the morrow of my first visit to the ruins, by rude and broken steps, winding between, and over immense and detached masses of stone; and seated myself near a small pagoda, at the very summit. From hence I commanded the whole extent of what was once a city, described by Cæsar Frederick as twenty-four miles in circumference. Not above

eight or nine pagodas are standing, but there are choultries innumerable. Fallen columns, arches, piazzas, and fragments of all shapes on every side for miles. About a league from this spot, on the opposite bank of the river, stands the small village of Annagoondy, near which are the ruins of an ancient bridge. At Annagoondy resides the nominal rajah, who receives a salary of 1500 rupees a month from us; and boasts his descent from the haughty Ram Rajah; him, from whose *successors*, degenerate in rank, in possession and in name, *we first* received permission to settle *as factors* on the coast of Coromandel; him, who fell on the plain of Tellicottah, where he is said to have marshalled 2000 war elephants, and 1000 pieces of cannon, who, a few years before that fall, received the *humble* visit of a king of Beejapoor, and conducted him through the city to his palace, their elephants marching along streets strewn with cloths, and lined by crowded

terraces, from which were suspended costly hangings of brocade and tissue, while purse-bearers scattered silver, and gold pieces, and seed-pearls, among the multitudes.

Yes, such was the kingly procession; on which, from the very spot, perhaps, where I sat, the eye of some delighted youth had gazed with the feelings, which youth alone can know. To me how different the scene! Can there have been streets and roads in those choked-up valleys? Has the war-horse pranced, the palfrey ambled there? Have jewelled-turbans once glittered where those dew-drops now sparkle on the thick-growing bamboos? Have the delicate small feet of female dancers practised their graceful steps where that rugged, and thorn-covered ruin bars up the path? Have their soft voices, and the Indian guitar, and the gold bells on their ankles, ever made music in so lone and silent a spot?

They have; but other sights, and other sounds, have been seen, and heard among these ruins. — There, near that beautiful banyan-tree, whole families, at the will of a merciless prince, have been thrown to trampling elephants, kept for a work so savage that they learn it with reluctance, and must be taught by *man*. Where those cocoas wave, once stood a vast seraglio, filled at the expense of tears and crimes; there, within that retreat of voluptuousness, have poison, or the creese, obeyed, often anticipated the sovereign's wish. By those green banks, near which the sacred waters of the Toombudra flow, many aged parents have been carried forth and exposed to perish by those whose infancy they fostered. Under that half-tottering piazza, often has the wealthy shroff doled out to the poor soodra the sum a brahmin had extorted from him for the expenses of a funeral, or a marriage, at a rate of usury, from the bonds of which the toil and sufferings of years could scarcely redeem him.

Better, thought I, better the wilderness should lie fallow *a week of centuries*, than be fertile only in errors and in crimes; than bring forth nothing but the bitter fruits of man's apostacy. It may, it will blossom again, when sown with the seed of God's blessing. Oh! look around the world and see, since the sword awoke against this city, how many a hideous "wilderness has become a fruitful field," and confess, with humility, that the ways of the Most High are past finding out.

Many millions of people, who acknowledge the light and guidance of Christian revelation, inhabit *now* the *then* pathless forests and noxious swamps of America. On the coasts of Africa, Negro and Hottentot have, in small numbers, been restored from the sad effects of the primeval curse, to the dignity of man's highest hope and calling; and, on the vast continent of India, the Day-spring from on

high has broken in, and partially illumined the darkness of the land. It is, in truth, but the faint and early dawn; but who, let me ask, as walking in his garden he sees those pale and glimmering streaks which succeed to the deep shadows of night, does not believe that morn is come, that the sun is rising, that darkness shall flee away from him, and that the broad bosom of the earth shall feel the warmth, and be lighted up by the blaze of his meridian beams. So is it with the moral and religious world.

After two days' rambling amid these thought-stirring scenes, I returned to my station, which I left soon after for Madras.

Marching in India, if the weather be fine, is both pleasant and healthful. The morning ride is not a dull constitutional canter. It has an object. There is a daily change of ground and air; and you can find *no scene of nature* without some

peculiar character of beauty or interest; no two were ever yet exactly alike; in some hill, rivulet, tree, or flower, a difference, though slight, is, by the practised and loving eye, always discernible. The very plain, all bare and barren as it is, has beauty, and, from the ideas suggested by it, an interest. You feel free and unconfined. In such a scene you are led to think of those immense hordes of Indian cavalry which scour these wide and bladeless tracts. Here, there is no tender crop to be beat down by the tramp of their destroying hoofs. Their horses may paw, or gallop; their lances and their swords may glitter; they do but dress the picture; they may battle too, and bleed with each other, for they

"Sow in the whirlwind, and must reap the storm."

About the period of our march, the spasmodic cholera raged dreadfully all over India. I observed, generally, that

the sacrifices offered up by the brahmins to avert this visitation were all *blood* offerings of kid or lamb. They were usually performed at night by the light of torches, and with a great sounding of horns, the tones of which are mournful and sad, but harshly and unpleasingly so, having an air of loud and shrill complainings.

A most ridiculous thing occurred at one place; the inhabitants having invoked their favourite idol in vain, it was brought forth into the bazaar and flogged, with some foolish ceremonies, by the officiating brahmins, for not answering the prayers and sacrifices of the perishing multitude.

In my way to the coast, I passed Nundidroog, a strong hill-fort, built on the summit of a mountain 1700 feet high.

Bangalore, a native fortress in the Mysore country, having a noble cantonment near it for several thousand of our troops of all arms. Bangalore is accounted very healthy: it stands on the highest part of the table land of Mysore; and its climate is dry and cool. It is, perhaps, the most agreeable residence in southern India.

I descended the Ghauts by the Nackenairy pass, the scenery about which is romantic and fine.

On my route through the Carnatic, I visited the garden of Sautghur, a spot filled with orange-trees, cocoas, slender arecas, and all formally laid out after the eastern fashion, but rather prettily situated among low picturesque hills, covered with thick brushwood, and loose masses of rock. In this garden I met a venerable Mahometan priest, one hundred years old; a long snow-white beard

fell upon his breast; I bowed low to his hoary head with the respect I felt. Three or four elderly Moors with him looked very unbending and haughty, but he placidly and calmly returned my salute. In him, pride and revenge seemed to have fallen asleep.

How little would this old man have believed in the day of his youth, that a few nameless and unimportant Christian factors on the coast of Coromandel, of whom he had then seldom *heard even*, should, before he dropped into his grave, encamp as conquerors on the banks of the Indus, overturning every musnud between the snowy mountains which bound Hindostan to the north, and the southernmost cape of a peninsula, 1800 miles in its length, by 1000 in its greatest breadth. Let us pause for one moment, and, after giving all due credit to the wisdom and energy of our leaders, and to the boldness and devotion of our

soldiery, let us calmly ask ourselves if this work and this glory be ours?

Did *we* first sow distraction, want of faith, and suspicion in the councils of native princes? Did not ambitious and traitorous Sirdars undermine? did not invading Persians shake to its very centre, and upstart Mahrattas finally overthrow, the Mogul power? Did not treachery, terror, and cowardice, make most of our early fields cheap victories? Have we not armed nation against nation? Men born in the same country, speaking the same language, following the same customs, and venerating the same religion? And, leading these against each other, have we not seen a hundred flee before ten, and a thousand before fifty?

Let these thoughts humble, for *then* will they effectually strengthen us. We are all instruments in an Almighty hand, and to feel and acknowledge this, is to

be exalted in wisdom. The freest exercise of our intellect and our courage is *ever* mysteriously combined with Divine agency. Who does, who *can* think that such a belief impressed upon the heart, will chain down the soaring wing of mind, freeze the current of noble feeling, or palsy the arm of courageous strength, all of them the free gifts of that bounteous and fatherly Creator, who wills them to be employed in *his* service *at all events*, and first sanctifies and blesses them to us, by showing us that they *are so* employed, and sweetening our very labour with the knowledge that it cannot be in vain.

How the British power is protected and upheld in India, I felt more sensibly, as, a few days afterward, in the fort of Vellore, I looked upon the windows through which, in the dead of night, not twelve years ago, so many of my gallant countrymen were murdered by sepoy

mutineers; and saw, a little further, the spot where these wretches, triumphant in their bloody rebellion for only a few short hours, were, in their turn, sacrificed to the natural revenge, and necessary energy of our own dragoons, summoned from Arcot.

The fort of Vellore is of native construction, but perfect, and very handsome. Its battlements, small overhanging towers, and wide ditch, look well and strong, but as a place to be held, it is commanded, and useless. The sons of Tippoo Sultaun were confined here, but have been removed to Calcutta. His women, however, still reside in Vellore. The king of Candy is also a state prisoner here.

About forty miles from hence, on the road to Madras, is the large Brahminy town of Conjeveram. It has wide streets, neat houses with trees before them, and

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several squares, adorned with large tanks of masonry, having small temples in the water; and many choultries near the handsome flights of steps, by which the Brahmins descend to bathe and perform their ablutions.

The principal pagoda is an immense pile of building; the tower over the gateway both massive and lofty. At the entrance are two elephants, admirably sculptured in stone. In one of the large courts (for here there are several) is a choultry, supportd by *five hundred* stone pillars. This pagoda is rich, and has a large establishment of priests; they keep two elephants for their processions, and have large companies of dancing-girls and musicians exclusively for the service of this temple. Here, however, where every thing wore the air of an unmolested city, entirely Hindoo, my eye in one of the suburbs caught the mosque-like dome of a pretty Mussul-

man tomb, in a retired shady garden; in it I saw a grave-looking man, in a large snowy turban, kneeling in prayer, with his face towards Mecca. The day of permitted persecution in India is now happily gone by; a far different spirit is now silently and *irresistibly* at work. The Moollah reads his Koran, the Brahmin his Bedas, in the very same grove; and the best men of both persuasions feel a wish for something more *sure* to lean on than the hopes and promises of either, or than their own most perfect obedience of the imperfect laws contained in them.

I sailed from Madras early in June, 1819, for Calcutta. A fine steady breeze carried us, in four days, to the pilot station at the mouth of the Hooghly.

After an Englishman has passed a year on the burning soil of India, as he again treads the deck of an English vessel,

listens to, and looks upon her brave and active crew, feels her bounding over the ocean, and thinks of his home and the wooden walls which defend it, he has a throb of heartfelt delight and innocent pride, which none but a Briton can know. The sea is his element; it encircles, it guards his native land; it bears him forth, from pole to pole, to do her pleasure, to carry out the fruit of her labour, and bring her back the produce of distant lands; it bears him to protect her friends, to assail her enemies, or to do her blessed errands of charity and peace; it brings him home to her with the rich harvests of wealth and glory, or the yet richer of gratitude; and, in an English vessel, let him sail on what sea he will, the fancies of the little family circle round his fire-side at home can follow him—can see him in the little cabin they perhaps visited before his ship set sail, and can well remember and recall those faces round him, in which their

quick affection had seen or fancied the traits of kindness or of feeling.

On the eastern bank of the Hooghly, about one hundred miles from its mouth, stands the city of Calcutta. It is nearly six miles in length; the breadth, however, is in no part very considerable. The bold reach of the river, at the head of which Calcutta stands, is, from the villas and gardens on its banks, styled the Garden Reach, and is as truly beautiful as its name would prepare you to find it. Spacious and elegant houses, shrubberies, and lawns, give to the cheerful scene an air both of costliness and taste.

As you approach Chandpal Ghaut, and see a large, regular, and handsome fortress, a palace-like looking goverment-house, a wide and grand esplanade, many magnificent houses on one side of it, and a range of stately edifices beyond it, a little above this ghaut, an anchor-

age crowded with shipping, and a close-built city, containing upwards of eighty thousand houses, whatever your expectations may have been, they are surpassed.

A friend sent his servant and a boat for me. Nothing, at first, can be more striking than the difference both of costume and manner between the native domestics of Calcutta and Madras. A robe fitting closely round the body, but loose and long below; wide sleeves, hanging open from the lower or fore-arm; large, full trowsers; slippers; turbans sitting flat and close to the top of the head, but with several narrow projecting folds, half shading the neck and face, is the universal dress. In speaking, they join and lift the hands, bending forward with a soliciting and respectful look. They none of them speak English; are remarkably clean in their dress and persons, and graceful in their motions.

Although Calcutta contained a home, and a very precious one, for me, I have only engaged you, reader, to accompany an unknown traveller; and shall therefore speak of Calcutta as a stranger to any other residence than an hotel. Here is my first difficulty, — in India there are some houses of public entertainment; but, to speak generally; they are not considered respectable, nor are they, except under a pressing necessity, resorted to by gentlemen. This is not so strange as it at first appears, nor does it arise from the hospitality of our countrymen in India, which, great as it allowedly is, has much less influence over this state of things than they perhaps imagine. It is right to clear this up, because a gentleman and a traveller landing at Calcutta, without letters of introduction, would find himself much at a loss, and placed, moreover, in rather a mortifying situation. Our connection with India is not a colonial one. We have settlements on

the coasts; but we rule over an empire by the agency of native servants and soldiers, who are subjected to the authority and guidance of governors, generals, collectors, judges, and other officers, civil and military; *all British*, and of British appointment. It is never, therefore, that gentlemen in the service of the Company can land at any of the Presidencies without an appointed place to go to. King's officers have their barracks; merchants their correspondents; captains of ships their friends, or the purchasers of their investments, or else they hire houses; and to individuals of any of these classes, if they have private letters to a protector, his doors are thrown open here, as they would be elsewhere at a distance from the mother-country. Taverns, therefore, are principally resigned to such merchant ship-officers, of junior rank, as get a few days' leave on shore, and have no other resource. The necessary consequence is, they pay extravagantly, and fare badly.

A stranger is certainly much surprised, both at the number and style of the equipages he meets on the fashionable drive, at sunset. Many hundred coaches, chariots, barouches, curricles, tilburies, and humble gigs, give, by his familiarity with the sight of such conveyances, an air of England; and, by his ever associating the possession of them with rank or easy circumstances, one of splendour. But a something, in black coachmen dressed in muslins and turbans, inferior cattle, awkward driving, and harness ill put together, in spite of many handsome and some English-built carriages, tells the eye that much will long be wanting before the chariot and pair, on the Calcutta course, can vie with that of Hyde Park. The young dashers, in their tilburies, who instruct their servants in the art of cleaning and putting-to, and drive themselves, perhaps contrive a closer resemblance to English style, than the elder

and more sensibly indolent residents trouble themselves to affect.

As for the number of conveyances, the European in India is carried, according to his fancy or means, wherever he has to go; and hardly ever walks, either for pleasure or business, a thousand yards.

Many of the Armenian and native merchants adopt our carriages and imitate our manners in some particulars, although retaining their own costume; so that you may see the high-pointed cap of the one, and the turban of the other, in landaus or barouches, built after the make of Long Acre. At the farthest extremity of the course you may often chance to meet a son of Tippoo's, wrapped in shawls, and lolling in a phaeton; and you see native merchants continually in gigs or on horseback.

As the evening closes in, the crowds

of carriages disperse; and, about half an hour after, you see the glare of torches in all directions, lighting the coaches and palanquins, hurrying along to the splendid entertainments, of which there is a constant succession among the opulent and luxurious inhabitants of Calcutta. At twelve, you may see them returning home; and, if the oppressive heat drives you, as it often does, to the roof or balcony of your house for air, soon after, when all is dark and silent round you, the cry of jackalls, suddenly and wildly breaking forth, then ceasing, then again nearer or close to you, may be distinctly heard. You are then reminded that this city is the quick growth of a century; that, where they are, it is still half jungle; that, at Chowringhee, where you now stand in a spacious verandah, supported by lofty Grecian pillars, only sixty short years ago the defenceless villagers could scarce bar out the prowling tiger; and that, were this city to become suddenly

depopulated, in sixty more these perishable palaces of timber, brick, and chunam would totally disappear, and rank vegetation conceal the very ground they stand upon. Such a fate, however, is not to be apprehended for Calcutta. Long after our interest in it, as Englishmen, may have ceased by the entire loss of our Indian possessions as governors, it will continue a populous, powerful, and wealthy city. Although we do not admit of colonization in India, a class of natives connected with us by blood, language, habits, education, and religion, is rapidly growing into consequence, in point of numbers, possessions, awakened desires, enlarged and enlightened views. They are the small merchants, the shopkeepers, the citizens, in fact, of our Presidencies. They are shut out from the service of the company; but that they are the subjects of the company must never be forgotten. The British blood and the native blood in their veins are alike hateful to

them; for the Englishman and the Hindoo alike disclaim them: but as the light of knowledge beams upon them, they see and feel that "honour and shame from no condition rise." The revolution of a few short years will fearfully increase their numbers; and, if the moral and mental improvement of this class, now reckoning in it many men of talent, integrity, and piety, keeps pace with that increase, we must not expect, nor ought we to wish, that they should look upon themselves as out-casts, without a country they dare call their own; without the common privileges of freeborn men; without eligibility to honor, wealth, or usefulness; or to any share in the government of themselves.

The native or black town of Calcutta literally swarms with population. There are also strangers to be met with here from every part of Asia,—Chinese, Arabs, Persians, inhabitants of the eastern isles,

and many Jewish, and other merchants from the ports of the gulf, and the Red Sea. It is highly diverting to pass through the particular streets of Calcutta resorted to by these strangers, and contemplate the various groupes as you recline in a slowly borne palanquin.

The palanquin is only used, however, by Europeans in Calcutta for very short distances, if their incomes are sufficiently large to admit of their keeping coach or bandy horses for change. At the hour the public offices usually open at Calcutta, you see more close carriages, chariots, and palanquin-carriages than you see in the day-time at Madras, in the course of a month's residence. Most of the native clerks have palanquins of country fashion in make and ornament, and they rarely walk if they are old or senior clerks. Indeed, the streets of Calcutta have many features, new even to the eye of an inhabitant of Madras. The palanquin-

bearers are, on this side, almost all from Balasore, or some of the northern Circars, and they are naked, bare-headed, and run silently. There are numbers of bullock, and one horse hackrees, with cotton canopies, and backs and cushions to sit on in the native fashion. There are also two or three hundred small ill-built coarse painted coaches drawn by wretched country ponies. They are more clumsily put together than the pigeon-house jingles of Dublin; nor are they ever used by respectable persons, European or native. But, by these, many a common sailor, who gets four-and-twenty hours' leave, is spared the trouble of staggering to look at the city, or regain his boat; and natives of low cast, or of none, are carried as their business calls them, from suburb to suburb, or ghaut to ghaut, for a mere trifle. Lascars, or the sailors of the Indian seas, may be seen here in great numbers; small scull-caps edged only or covered with em-

broidery, short close vests and wide petticoat trowsers mark them in dress, and they have generally thick bushy heads of hair, a tawny complexion, and stout limbs; they spend the earnings of many months' labour with a lavishness, which surprizes even an Englishman; they drink freely, and will stake their last dollar, and even clothes at play. These vices are common to the lower classes of Calcutta itself, to which they add a taste for tawdry gilt ornaments and common lace; they also consume great quantities of opium and coarse confectionary, or preparations of sugar. It is incredible what large sums are thus expended during their great festivals.

Although these indulgent excesses are more common among the Moors than the Hindoos; yet it is a most erroneous and mistaken notion to suppose that these last are free from the vices named.

At the corner of every street you may see the Gentoo-bearers gambling over chalked out squares, with small stones for men, and with wooden dice; or Coolies playing with cards of the palm-leaf. Nay, in a pagoda, under the very shadow of the idol, I have seen Brahmins playing with regular packs of Chinese cards! As for intoxication, many Hindoos, who reject arrack, drink toddy till they are scarce able to walk, and smoke opium till they can neither see or speak.

The Bengalees are as a race of men very inferior, I think, to those on the coast; they are small, slightly made, and very black; greater numbers of them go naked, and, although they are doubtless as clean as the corresponding classes at Fort St. George, yet as all their clothes are dark-coloured and unbleached, they do not appear so. Their huts too are commonly made of bamboo, matting, and thatch, and have, unless when new, a very

mean appearance. The servants, whom I spoke of at landing, form in Calcutta quite a distinct class, and are generally Mahometans.

The Bengal sepoy, however, or rather the sepoy of the establishment, (natives of Bengal Proper never being admitted) are tall, stout, handsome looking men; they are generally enlisted from Bahar, Oude, and the western provinces.

The Bengal troops are certainly finer and larger men than those of the coast army, but are not I think so smart looking under arms; their clothing is seldom well fitted, and they do not either move or handle their arms with that life, and soldier-like steadiness, observable in the Madras native infantry. The body guard of Calcutta did appear to me rather inferior to that of Fort St. George. They are, however, a fine body of men, and on state occasions add greatly to the splen-

dour of the scene; and a levee, on public day at the government-house at Calcutta, has such a court-air of show and ceremony as the seat of supreme government should present. I saw the venerable and noble governor general preside at the college disputation for 1819. The hall of audience below is a very noble one; it is paved with dark grey marble, and supported by several handsome columns, covered with the most beautifully polished chunam. The room above, to which you ascend by a poor ill-designed staircase, is a very fine one, floored with polished wood, and ornamented with several rich glass lustres, descending from a painted ceiling.

In a state chair, covered with crimson velvet and richly gilt, with a groupe of aide-de-camps and secretaries standing behind him, sat the Marquis of Hastings. Two servants with state punkaps of crimson silk were fanning him, and behind them

again were several native servants bearing silver staffs. Next him, on either side, were seated the examiners, and below them again, the most distinguished ladies of the presidency. Next, in an open space, were two small rostrums for the disputants, and chairs for the professors; the room behind these, and fronting the marquis, was quite filled with company, and in the rear of all, the body guard was drawn up in full uniforms of scarlet with naked sabres.

In the tall, and once athletic form, the manly brow and weather-beaten cheek of the Marquis, you can easily retrace all that he has been at the head of a company of British grenadiers; and can well imagine him the distinguished young hero of Bunker's Hill; while the mildness of his look, voice, and manner remind you of that hospitable nobleman, who threw wide his portals to those high-born, but destitute exiles, who flying

from the storm of blood and anarchy in France, found a refuge and a princely one in the house of Moira.

Of the disputations I shall say nothing; for, conducted as they are, they are no trials of strength, but merely final and public exhibitions of such students as have passed through the college, and are reported fit for the public service. While it is highly honourable to the Company's civil service to consider how many able and eminent men have adorned it, a stranger may naturally, and without presumption enquire, whether it is sufficiently guarded from the intrusion of the indolent and incapable, for there is evidently no competition. A young man, who is not insupportably immoral, immovably indolent, or stupid to infirmity, is, and must be, provided for. It is true, he would not be put in the highest line: but surely, the mere collectorship and magistracy of a district is

a post most responsible, most important; and to such a post he would inevitably attain, to represent England and Englishmen in the eyes of foreigners and subjects. Now, the districts of a country, held on such a tenure as India is, can never be superintended too ably for the interest, the honour, and the security of our government. Nothing is more false than the notion which people in England generally form of the East Indian returning home, except it be the unsubstantial dream he himself has of what he is to do, say, and be thought of among his countrymen at home. The man who has done his public duty in India well, returns in easy circumstances, sits down quietly, followed by the regard and esteem of those who know and appreciate his worth, is soon met by a like feeling, and enjoys that consideration among the neighbouring gentlemen which he has earned by a long course of official labour abroad. The man, who has only sought

what is now not often to be found, even in India, namely, money, and who returns full of the hopes and schemes of pride and distinction, in the first visit to the Opera or Hyde Park, or the first week's residence at his country-seat, discovers at once, that to enjoy even such pleasures as money places within his reach, he must be content to be nameless and unpretending. If he lives to be seen, he must be cruelly disappointed; if he lives, on the contrary, to see, he may be comparatively happy.

In the council-chamber at Government House are the portraits of many of our Indian rulers; that of Warren Hastings, in a plain dress, seated carelessly, and looking the English gentleman of rank and talent, draws the eye at once from the gaudy robes of Wellesley, whose government was, in truth, splendid enough to have afforded a plainer representation of himself, and an undecorated person.

I drove, this same day, past the site of the too celebrated "black hole of Calcutta." It was little more than sixty years ago that one hundred and twenty of our unfortunate countrymen perished in one sad night by suffocation, while a Moorish army of 70,000 men lay encamped around the factory. Only twenty-three poor, suffering wretches survived; and, among them, one (a lady, wife, and widow) to whom, perhaps, life itself threatened the worst of deaths. How light-footed and light-hearted in the dance are many, who daily pass within a few hundred yards of this spot, ignorant that where they command the low salaam, a form as fair, a heart too as soft as theirs, has been dragged to the couch of loathing and of shame, not longer ago than when their grandmother, whose kind handsome old face, and white ruff, they love to talk of, was youthful as they are now.

In the cabinet of a portrait-painter in

Calcutta, among a few valueless pictures is one, which must often I should think, awake a sigh in such of our fair country-women as look on it. I have little excuse for naming it here; but it is somehow naturally associated with beauty and with sorrow. With beaver hat, and clustering ringlets, marking the costume of some forty years gone by, from a damaged canvass in a dull-worn frame, looks out upon you a face of such soft loveliness, that you feel no surprise when told it is that of a devoted and tender mistress, who left the country of which she was the flower, and came with her protector here; still less that she drooped, and died upon this sickly shore. On a tufted knoll (near the mouth of the river she entered only as a corpse), stands the small tomb, which love, grief, and repentance, have raised to her memory.

"Would on its stalk I'd left the rose" must often, often have been silently ut-

tered in the bosom of the sorrowing survivor, as busy memory recalled to him the first moment when he gazed upon the beauteous bud as it smiled in blushing innocence on its parent stem.

'Tis well. — She was early, perhaps mercifully torn from life and sin, and he, in like mercy, spared to seek forgiveness, where alone it may be found.

A morning may be delightfully spent in a visit to the botanic garden. Here, without wandering through the pestilential forests, and swampy jungles of a country lavishly adorned by profuse and brilliant vegetation, you may see in one short ramble, all the varieties of vegetable form known and admired throughout India. Large trees decked with flowers, more beautiful and fragrant than those of our plants in Europe; all the warm aromatic shrubs which perfume the air; all the stately and graceful trees which

adorn an Indian forest, and many of which yield food, and minister abundantly to all the uses and wants of man; and endless varieties of that large family of creeping and climbing plants, which clothe the earth, and the naked trunks of decaying trees, the rocks and ruins, which would otherwise encumber and disfigure it, with beauty. A magnificent temple is this world of ours, could we but look on it as we ought; could we but delight to see, and trace that hand which openeth itself, and filleth all things with goodness.

There is a museum in Calcutta in the house of the Asiatic Society. Here you will find fragments of sculpture, vases, tablets, coins, arms, and natural curiosities from every part of India;—canoes and models, swords, clubs, spears, creeses, war-dresses, and fabrics from all the islands in the Indian Archipelago.

The nutmeg, the clove, and those precious spices which have never been transplanted with success to the continent of Asia, may here be seen preserved in glass jars, fresh as they were gathered in small branches from the parent plants in the favoured isles where they grow. Above the hall is a library, or rather a small collection of books, in a very large noble room, where the members hold their meetings; the great and celebrated men, who were the able founders and zealous supporters of this institution, have, for the most part, disappeared, and the spirit of it is much on the decline.

There are two establishments for the education of natives, under the protection and patronage of the government, — one a college for Mahometan, the other for Hindoo youth; where they are instructed by Moonshees and Pundits in their respective learning and laws, that they may be qualified to fill petty offices in the

courts of justice, or cutcherrys when of an age to serve the Company.

I visited both. There was a something in the venerable Mahometan teachers, and in the good-looking, graceful, and intelligent young scholars, far more interesting and pleasing than the Hindoo college, with its dull brain-encumbered pundits, and their plodding students, could present. There is a dignity in the very sound of the Arabic language, and a mellow richness in the Persian, which command the attention, and charm the ear of a person unacquainted with their import. Their Koran, their historians, their Sadi, their Hafiz, do not seem, nor are they removed so immeasurably from our way of thinking, as the sacred commentaries and fabulous histories of Hindoo authors.

There are also in Calcutta many institutions for charitable purposes, and

for the support and education of poor unfriended youth, European and half-cast. And this city is, moreover, distinguished by a liberal and Christian spirit, to reform the system of education in native schools, wherever our influence extends. Not only are there many entirely under the superintendance of the regular clergy of the establishment, or missionary Christian ministers of other denominations, but the wealthy and public-spirited natives themselves, adopt and encourage the use of our school-books in the innumerable native schools, over which they exercise a control we could not attempt. It is true, they will only admit such small tracts of elementary knowledge, as set forth the plain truths in geography, natural philosophy, and the sciences; also our abridgements of history, and beauties of morality. But if they will so teach them while children, can they prevent them when men, from casting off the delusions and errors of

past ages? Can they, when, by teaching them plain truths, they have undermined the clumsy fabric of that idolatry on which they leaned when they only learned the fables; and falsehoods connected with it? can they prevent them, I ask, from eagerly and earnestly enquiring "who will show us any good?" and can they prevent the ministers of the gospel from showing them Christ crucified for the sins of an apostate and rebellious world, and inviting them to drink freely at the wells of salvation?

The adamantine chain of cast is that obstacle to the spread of gospel truth, on which many sincere and devout men, whose hearts overflow with Christian love to mankind, look with a sort of hopeless despondency as impassable,—as never to be broken down by human efforts: now, it is to burst open this barrier that I would see human means courageously applied; nor are they, under

the Divine blessing, inadequate to the task. A general use of printed (I do not mean religious) tracts in their schools, and a general dissemination of them among the people, will, in fifty years, do much towards the confounding of these base and cruel distinctions, if it be aided by a government which has hitherto showed as great a deference for all the privileges of cast, as if it were fettered by prejudice or fear, and has long shared with the brahmins the enormous profits arising from the customary offerings at those pagodas, or sacred spots of superstitious resort, whither devout multitudes crowd on pilgrimage, or for some high festival, more or less frequently during their lives, according to the distance and sanctity of the spot, the nature of their vows, or the extent of their means.

I am aware that I have only stated one of many measures, which should be

adopted with it; nor am I able, or dare I presume to pursue so deep a subject farther; but I may be permitted to remind both the believing Christian, and the reasoning philosopher, that the formidable chain of cast is as one of cobweb compared to that chain, by which high and low, wise and simple, Englishman and Hindoo, are alike bound, till it pleaseth All-powerful and Pitiful Mercy to set us free.

I was present at the examination of many hundred native boys, selected from different schools, entirely under the superintendance, patronage, and control of natives.

It was held at the house of a brahmin of great wealth and influence. In a quadrangular court, surrounded by piazzas, were assembled about five hundred children of all casts; and these were introduced, by classes, into a large upper

room open to the court, supported by numerous pillars after the Hindoo fashion, and furnished half in English, half in Asiatic taste.

Many of the senior civil servants of the establishment were present; among them the chief secretary to the government. The boys were examined in reading, writing, arithmetic, and repetition; and they all received as prize-books, such as are translated by us, printed in our presses, and used in our schools. The masters, who were all brahmins, were rewarded with sums of money, according to the proficiency of the scholars selected from their respective schools for the occasion. A pretty little boy, habited in fine figured muslin, with a row of valuable pearls about his neck, and other rich jewels, probably the ornaments of his doating mother, took his stand and chance in the class of naked little fellows with whom he had been

instructed; and was examined, side by side, with many of inferior cast. I found that he was the son of the very brahmin at whose house this gratifying and interesting exhibition took place. Thus, thus it is, that the shackled Sudra will be lifted up, and learn to feel himself a man!

At an early hour one morning, I went to the Armenian church to look upon a form of Christian worship, known to me only by report. The church was old and small, but a pretty building, in a quiet taste. The court was paved with grave-stones of black marble, or granite; and the inscriptions and ornamental figuring on all of them (although many were 150 years old) seemed plain and perfect. The church, in the inside, was divided in the middle by a blue iron railing with gilt heads. The men of the congregation place themselves in front of this; the women behind, and farthest from the

altar; just below the steps of which sits the patriarch on his carpet, in the eastern fashion. A veil of embroidery hangs down before the altar, and paintings adorn all the chapel walls. When the veil is lifted up, you see priests in gorgeous robes, and servitors with bells; staves having thin round laminæ of gold at the top, and censers of incense. The altar is highly ornamented, has a scripture piece painted over it, and the whole scene has an air, though solemn, yet theatrically solemn, and not suited to a temple.

In the course of the worship they carry a painting of the crucifixion round the church in procession. When they administer the sacrament, they give small portions of the element of bread to all the congregation, who receive it with great reverence, taste, then wrap it up in linen, and carry it away with them after service. The patriarch always first

blesses the elements. The service closes by the officiating priest reading a lesson from the gospel. The book, which is a small volume with covers of solid silver, wrapped in a napkin of gold tissue, is brought forth with much ceremony, and placed on a portable stand in the body of the church. When the priest has concluded, all the men and women draw near in succession, kiss the book with great devotion, and decently withdraw.

Throughout the whole service, the silence, the fixed attention, pious looks, and low prostrations of all surprise you. In few Roman Catholic chapels have I seen such reverential worship as in this Armenian one. The absence of images, the distribution of the element of bread, and the reading of the Scriptures, are the features which particularly mark the distinction in the daily service of these two churches.

The costume of the Armenian women, which I had never before seen, I very greatly admire.

Over a small tiara-formed cap, with a jewelled front, they wear fine shawls, which falling in large and not ungraceful folds, cover and conceal their forms. Their complexions are pale, almost to sickliness; but their eyes are full, black, and expressive; and their countenances, in general, pensive, and interesting. In the midst of the service, came in a rude hardy-looking man, who bowed his knee with little appearance of awe, and gazed round him with a fearless curiosity. His bare head, with a profusion of brown sun-tinged hair, naked throat, brown jacket, with full short trowsers of the same, gathered just below the knee, and a red sash, marked him an Armenian sailor from some port in the Red Sea, or Persian Gulf.

From this chapel scene I was led by my conductor, the very same morning, to one greatly and most affectingly contrasted with it.

I followed him down a narrow back street, through a dark and dirty entrance, and up a stair-case, the lower half of worn brick, that above of broken ladder-like wooden steps, into an anti-chamber filled with slippers; from whence, after rapping at a half-closed door, we were admitted into a dismal-looking room, where such daylight as found its way, was broken and obscured by the dull and feeble light of several mean lamps of oil.

Round this chamber, sat about fifty venerable-looking figures, in large robes of white, with turbans, out of the centre of whose muslin folds the short top of a crimson cap was just visible.

One of them stood up at a raised reading-table near the entrance; and opposite him was fixed against the wall, a sort of plain wooden press, looking like a half book-case.

Of those seated round the room, some were aged, with long silver beards, some middle-aged, with beards black or red, and curling or bushy; their complexions differed from olive even to fresh, and they were in general very handsome. Although their dress and style of sitting, save that they used a broad raised bench, was Asiatic, still they appeared totally unlike not only the Mahometans of India, but also those from Asia Minor, who visit our Indian ports. At the sounding of a small bell, he at the table began reading to them from an ancient manuscript volume, and the eye of every one was immediately riveted on small written or printed books, with which each, even a boy among them, was provided.

Here, without temple, and without altar, giving mournful evidence of the truth of those very prophecies, the Divine Interpreter of which their fathers rejected, and the past accomplishment of which they still deny, here was a stray flock of the lost sheep of Israel. — Unhappy race! Cursed be the man who, believing your origin and history, should in a bigot's zeal look on you with that insulting pity which partakes of scorn. Ye were, ye are, our elder brethren. We know that arm, which scattered you with fury, will gather you with great mercy!

Is this mean chamber your temple? do these dull lamps supply the mystic branches of your golden candlestick? Your tabernacle and ark of the covenant, is it thus poorly you possess them? The altar of incense, the mercy-seat, are they gone? And do ye, whose forefathers went up, in open state, through the gate Beautiful, into that temple so familiar to

you by description, so clear in cherished recollections of it,—do ye steal through yon dark entrance to your degraded worship? Dry up your tears; still press the law and the prophets to your bosoms. Seventy years before the destruction of your second temple, the foundation-stone of your third was laid; was laid in the sepulchre of a crucified Saviour: He too is the key-stone of its loftiest arch, where He sitteth on high, a King of Glory, triumphant over sin and death; a Prince of Peace, making intercession for you; a God of Mercy, waiting to be gracious!

If my reader thinks these, and like reflections, too solemn for introduction on the pages of a light trifling sketch like this, I beg him to remember that I cannot feel, among these Indians, as other than an Englishman and a Christian; and to confess, that, if in this heathen land the history of God's dealings with mankind first ceased to wear, for me, the

dress of clouded tradition, it is a natural, as well as pleasing duty, to offer such grateful testimony of my rejoicing, as the subjects I am writing on so frequently call forth.

On the same day, in the morning of which I had been present in the Armenian church, and the Jewish synagogue, I visited the Caliaghaut pagoda, the Hindoo temple most resorted to in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. It is a poor trumpery building, as on this side of India they all are. I found it filled with worshippers, sitting down, with their offerings of plantains, rice, sugar, &c. in the neat brazen vessels used for this sacred purpose.

I went round to, and ascended that higher part near the shrine of the idol; and got up by the side of a large group of brahmins. They bade me take off my shoes; but I refused, telling them, that

uncovering the head meant with us, as they well knew, the corresponding compliment. I was quiet, and grave, and they were satisfied, and civil. They spoke English; chattered with me about the southern pagodas, of which they evidently knew little; and showed a childish curiosity at my description of one. They made some poor worshippers stand out of the way, that I might look at the hideous black idol, with its gilt ornaments, and mother-of-pearl eyes; and, at last, asked me for money for their god. I replied that he was not mine; and that it was useless to ask me to do what I should consider sinful. But, said I, a minute afterwards, as I saw them consecrating to, and putting on the god a chaplet of sacred flowers, "the scent of those flowers is agreeable to me; I will, if you please, give a rupee for those." It was immediately stripped from the idol for me, and I bore it off in triumph to my palankeen.

I saw, as I passed out of Caliaghaut, a shed with many hundred live kids, which are sold there for sacrifice; and, in my way back I was carried through a street of idol-makers, who make all those small ones which the Hindoos buy for the inside of their houses, and for public festivals. They ran by my palanquin, offering them for sale with this strange recommendation,—"Baba ko waste Sahib," (for the children, master.)

I am sick of relating these puerilities of paganism; but, in them I seem plainly to discover an internal principle of decay; and I think the idolatry of India is declining in its baleful influence in the sight of, and with the consent of, the natives themselves.

At Barrackpore, about fifteen miles from Calcutta, the Governor-general has a country residence, delightfully situated in a park of uncommon beauty. A more

agreeable retreat from the scene of enslaving ceremony, and official labour, which a government-house naturally presents, could not be desired. The park, though small, has advantages which are rarely seen combined. On one side of it flows the Hooghly, along which you may ride for upwards of a mile, enjoying a fine view of a noble reach, extending in one direction about four miles. The opposite bank is here adorned with a thick robe of drooping bamboos, overtopped by the stately palm, and feathery cocoa-nut: there open with a lawn, or garden laid out round some dwellings; and immediately in front of that part where the house is situated, rises the beautifully clean, and quiet-looking town of Serampore, a Danish settlement, and the chief seat of that baptist mission, over which the venerable, pious, and devoted Carey presides. How great, and how blessed have been the labours of himself and his able brethren, will appear, when I state

that upwards of one hundred schools are under its fostering care; and that, in its ever-busy presses, the Scriptures entire, or separate gospels are printing off into sixteen of the languages or dialects of India. The Marquis of Hastings, whose eye, from his chamber at Barrackpore, rests every morning on the building and gardens of that establishment, must derive great inward peace from the consciousness of having always respected and encouraged its holy object.!!!

The park-grounds are about four miles in circumference; and many a spot, viewed detachedly, will remind you by large noble trees, pieces of water, and winding roads, of park-scenery at home. Here is an aviary in one corner, built after the model of a Gothic chapel: it is prettily executed, but, I think, a poor conceit; and must be an unaccountable fancy in the eyes of our Moorish and Hindoo subjects. The collection of birds,

with the exception of a few rare specimens from the eastward, is not at all remarkable. Neither is the menagerie near it such a large or fine one as you naturally look for in the East. The black panther, the wild Cape dog, and the Java pig, with its curious snout protruding like the proboscis of the elephant, and used in like manner, are the only rare animals. It must be owned, however, that no menagerie could show, in one cage, a more noble sight than the three full-grown royal tigers, of enormous size, here grouped together. To watch them as they slumbered, or indolently played with each other, like our domestic cats in a cottage window, was a favourite amusement with me while I resided close to this park. I confess, the childishness of my taste was no less gratified, as, in the evening, I used to see the Howdah elephants of the Governor-general carrying out his domestic-looking select party for the evening-air. A little

above the park is a cantonment for five thousand sepoys, with several streets of neat pretty-looking bungalows for the officers. The communication with Calcutta is easy and constant. You have your choice of a fine, level, well-kept road, or the bosom of a noble stream, down which you drop easily in two hours.

As you pass the next reach above Barrackpore, you come upon the French settlement of Chandernagore, situated on the right bank of the river. It has a character very distinct from Serampore; in the latter, the houses, though good, are not large, but yet clean, and have a pleasing effect, while the pretty spire of a small Lutheran church at one end, with the neat premises of the baptist mission at the other, give it the air of being inhabited as a home. At Chandernagore, large lofty houses, and warehouses, discoloured, decaying, and half empty, speak of lofty speculations and

disappointed hopes; and had, to my eye, the look of a deserted corner of Bourdeaux Quay during the war. A forsaken monastery completes the picture. I landed, and walked from one silent ghaut to another, till I came opposite the house occupied by the present governor.

In his garden, I saw two ladies dressed half à la Parisienne, and before his door a sepoy in French uniform.

The broad cap, red worsted epaulettes, facings buttoned back, and in fine, all that is peculiar in the military dress of France, which I had gazed upon for the first time of my life in Portugal with such strange interest, and had subsequently seen in so many various situations, and under circumstances so different, filled my mind with a train of reflections, which I have no right to pursue here, but which brought the camps and fields of the peninsula, many

scenes of exultation, some few of hardship, one of misfortune, together with a French prison, gens d'armes, peace, Paris, gaiety, the armies and kings of all Europe, and the fate-governed exile, Napoleon, in quick succession to my fancy.

About two miles below Chandernagore, are the ruins of a superb house, the residence of its former governors. Fragments of doors and windows, still half perform their office. The roof of what was the music-room, and that of the banqueting saloon beneath, have fallen in; and daylight, glaring in mockery upon the faded colours on the walls, shows that they were once decorated with taste, and tell you, as the cawing rooks fly in and out, that they have often echoed to the rout, the revel, the chorus, and the dance of gay careless Frenchmen, who lived only the life of pleasure and indulgence.

How different was the life of one of the later occupants! for here, in this forsaken hall of pleasure, in one of the upper chambers, the only one in which a corner might yet be found where the rain would not fall upon your couch, lived, for three years, a singular gentleman, who practised an economy more painful than that of the well-known Elwes. He chose this retreat because he got shelter rent-free. He kept one servant to cook his pittance of rice, and was protected, by his mode of life, from all intrusion, save that of indignant, or pitying curiosity. His whole soul was taken up with the love of money; he had amassed much, and vested it in English, continental, and American funds.

That there should have been such a tenant in such a dwelling, was worthy of remark.

The Dutch settlement of Chinsurah is about three miles higher up the river. It has quite a national character. Many small neat houses with green doors, and windows; a pretty little square, with grass-plot and promenades, shaded by trees; a fortified factory; a gloomy old-fashioned government house, looking from one front to the quadrangle of the factory, and from the other down an avenue of trees to its garden-gate, are the more remarkable features of it.

A small convent at a place called Bandel, just above the native town of Hooghly, is the only building which tells that the Portuguese ever had a settlement here. In the year 1632, the town of Hooghly belonged to the Portuguese, who were numerous and wealthy. They were attacked by a Moorish army, the place carried by assault, numbers slaughtered on the spot, and many on board the shipping, to which they flew for

refuge. The captain of one very large vessel, crowded with men, women, and children, finding he could neither defend, or fly with them, either scorning to yield to, or fearing the cruelty of the Moors, blew her up, and perished, with two thousand souls, in the explosion.

There is something inexpressibly awful in that kind of fate, that immediate dissolution of soul and body, that entire annihilating destruction of the frame. The peaceful and soft loveliness of the scene near this point of Bandel, as from the belfry of the convent you gaze upon it, gives such a tranquillizing tone to your feelings, that, for the relation of the fact I have just recorded, you are ill prepared; and it operates for the moment, as it would, after a sweet sleep in a shady grove, to stretch forth your hand and find it touched and chilled by the remains of a skeleton, and to be suddenly reminded, that where you had been

dreaming with delight, a fellow-creature, perhaps not many weeks before, had expired in agony.

In the small convent I only found two brothers of the order, both from Goa. They seemed to have little intelligence, or feeling. The occasional chiming of a bell, the trimming of a lamp, or, at at certain seasons, the more busy preparation for some church-holiday or saint's day, on which a priest and some wealthy Portuguese visitors may be expected from Calcutta, form the main occupations of a life, secluded without devotion, and wearisome without action.

All these places I made excursions to from Barrackpore.

On the east side of Calcutta, at the distance of about four miles, is a large salt-water lake, on the far-side of which are several passages of varying width,

which traverse the Sunderbunds, an immense woody tract forming part of the Delta of the Ganges, and so overspread by waters disposed in lakes, rivers, channels, and creeks, as to admit of a complete inland navigation to and beyond Dacca, being a passage of near two hundred miles. This lonely region of forest and water, is without village or inhabitant. A few temporary sheds for wood-cutters, or salt-makers, may be occasionally met with, though these are regularly watched and guarded. To sleep out of their boats is, otherwise, attended with great danger; but large and constant fires, and other precautions, render such spots secure from the numerous savage beasts who range these wilds.

Of the commerce of Calcutta I cannot speak further than that the mercantile and agency-houses are numerous; some on a large scale, and apparently flourishing. That there are numbers of Arme-

nian merchants, who conduct the trade to China, to the eastward, and also to the Gulf of Persia, and the Red Sea. Innumerable Indian merchants carry on trade with the interior by large fleets of boats, as well as by land-carriage; and also with the coast of Coromandel, and the Maldives, by donies.* Perhaps about eight hundred ships and vessels, exclusive of the coast-craft under Indian colours, may enter, and depart from the port of Calcutta in the course of one year.

About the middle of September, I left the presidency for Benares by water. The river was in high beauty; its waters full, and just beginning to run off, and a favourable time of the year for the wind in going up.

The boat, in common use with travellers, is the budgerow; it is a clumsy con-

* The donie is a small coasting-vessel, of Indian construction.

cern, flat-bottomed, with a lofty poop running forward two-thirds of its entire length, while crowded on a low deck just before the mast are the oars.

They vary in size, from eighteen to twelve oared, can only sail before the wind; and against the stream are usually tracked by the crew. Perhaps, however, no boat could be substituted for it, containing half so much accommodation and comfort. Beneath the poop are two large, airy, cheerful cabins, with green venetians on both sides; you have thus good and separate apartments for sleeping and sitting. A baggage and cook boat sail with you, and you are free from all incumbrances; they sail up along-side and come on board regularly with your breakfast and tiffin as on shore. If you are taking horses up the country, you have also a large boat for them. Every evening at sunset your budgerow is moored

for the night, and at peep of day she is again under way.

Thus as it were, without stirring out of a parlour, except for exercise, morning and evening, on foot, horseback, or with your gun, you may be transported from the ship's side, in which you enter the Hoogly, to Agra or even Delhi. This, however, would be very tedious; indeed, above Cawnpore, few if any travellers proceed by water.

Great as were the varieties of scenery between Calcutta and Berhampore, I have not the power of description where a character of general resemblance compels a notice of the same objects, and a use of the same epithets. The river Hooghly has its banks most beautifully clothed with tree and shrub; and the number and size of the bamboos, which, delicate and tender at the head, bend over the water, with a drooping grace, form a

marked feature in the many pleasing views, by which the eye is constantly refreshed. It is moreover adorned with villages and large cultivated tracts: here again it will break out into broad reaches, so flooded above its banks, as to look like spacious lakes; and farther on, perhaps, will show large islands of waste land, covered with straw-coloured glossy-headed reeds, looking like ripe barley-fields at home. Such were the materials, which, assuming at every change of light and position different appearances, gave me an exhaustless variety of beautiful scenery. Each rising, each setting of the sun had colours and charms peculiarly its own.

Some of my moorings were, of course, in barren jungly spots, but often near some pretty Indian village, not far from the ancient trees, where its elders assemble, and past which separate groupes of women and men come down to the

river to bathe, wash their cloths, and fill their brazen urns; morning and evening too, you see large herds of cream-coloured cattle going forth to, or returning from pasture, while you are sailing steadily past them; and you meet constantly fleets of large boats deeply laden with merchandize, walled with matting, and covered with thatch, looking like floating cottages. These boats drop down, generally about forty, sometimes, just after the rains, sixty or seventy miles a-day.

Berhampore, the first place of any note you come to, (if I except the field of Plassey, which is fast disappearing, and will in a few years more be entirely washed away,) is a very fine large cantonment, with a magnificent range of barracks for Europeans.

Cassimbuzar, on a branch river about four miles higher up, is the station of

one of our commercial residents, and famous for its silk manufactures.

A league farther is the city of Moorshedabad, situated on the left bank of the river Hooghly, and extending nearly eight miles along it. One of the first objects which strikes you as you approach it, is a lofty, and though disproportioned, at a distance a very noble looking building with massive columns, designed by us as a palace for the Nawab. He, however, now occupies a large brick hospital-like looking house on the right bank, also built for him by us; and on this bank there are several native houses also. I had heard so poor an account of this city, that I was rather agreeably surprised.

A few domes and minarets, and, all-along the bank, a number of houses built of brick or chunamed, with terraces, small verandahs, flat roofs, and painted doors and windows, do, in spite of the

mean huts of mud and bamboo which may be here and there seen crowded behind them, give the city, to my eye, a very pleasing appearance. On these terraces, and in these verandahs, you may see the respectable-looking owners, in their Moorish dresses, smoking their hookahs, playing chess, or walking sedately in small parties. In the evenings, several of them go upon the water, in boats kept for pleasure, called snake-boats, from their length and their quick darting motion. They are very narrow, and have large crews, who use short, broad paddles, with which they strike the water in a quick-measured cadence, which tells loudly, as it falls on the boat's gunwale. Here the owners are seated on cloths or carpets, with, or often without awnings; have their hookahs, and sherbet; a musician or two, or a story-teller: and the crews, too, sing accustomed airs with a wild chorus, led by their coxswain, who stands at the very

stern, in a bold graceful attitude, as their boat darts on the bosom of the stream with fearful velocity.

I walked to look at the Mootie Jeel, or pearl lake, on which once stood the superb palace of pleasure, built in the day of his pride by Aliverdy Khan. The gateway by which you enter the grounds is half decayed, and would, doubtless, have disappeared altogether, but for a mosque within, venerated, handsome, and of fine stone, which the zealous frequenters contrive, with ingenious tastefulness, to conceal with thick layers of white-wash. What were the gardens are now naked fields. On the two farther sides of the lake, however, which surrounds with two broad arms this peninsulated spot, there is a fringe of wood. Of the palace, which stood close to the water, at the extreme point of the gardens, there is only one fragment; but it is a noble one, and a fitting memorial of

it, being a ruin of four arches supported by five columns, the whole of the most beautiful black polished marble, taken themselves from an ancient and princely edifice among the ruins of ancient Gour, to adorn, survive, and be the only memorials of a second. While I stood near them, ten or eleven elephants, belonging to the present Nawab, were brought down by their keepers to water in the lake just opposite; they looked in poor condition, but yet stepped with that slow air of pride, which spoke of other days, and seemed in character with the scene.

At night, there was a good deal of noise and rejoicing in different quarters of the town, it being a festival with the Hindoos. Though Moorshedabad is a Mahometan city, still, as I have before remarked, the idle of all sects join in a festival. Even my poor boatmen, who were all Moors, had donned their holiday skull-caps, trimmed with copper lace,

changed their loin-cloths, and hurried off to some childish puppet-show or cheap debauch.

In the morning, I walked into the city, and took my stand in an irregular-shaped open space, from whence branch out five streets, with gateways. In this place are the great mosque, Nobut Khana, old hall for Durbar, and one or two other public buildings. Hither had some of my fellow-countrymen, after the sad affair of the Black Hole, been dragged in chains; here had they made the low salaam, spoken the usual benediction, and petitioned for their lives and liberties from a Nawab of Moorshedabad: and, a twelvemonth after that period, Clive had entered it, a conqueror; and, from the head of a small firm band of Europeans, had looked round upon the multitudes who crowded with astonishment to gaze on them, with a half-anxious and doubtful joy as to the fulness of his success.

Here and there a glance of the dark eye, and the haughtily-smoothed moustachio, conveyed to me the smothered curse of some descendants from the nobles of that day, as they passed near me.

I pushed off in the afternoon, and sailed up the whole length of the city. The evil of past days is soon forgotten; while what was good, or fancied so, is kept alive in the memory, with a self-tormenting spirit. Such a strange, restless, discontented mortal is man! Forgetting the tyranny and oppression of their former rulers, they will relate how they have heard their fathers talk of the magnificence and liberality of Aliverdi Khan; who, at the marriage of his nephew, in 1747, gave away ten thousand khelauts, or dresses of honour, illuminated the city every night, feasted the nobles and sirdars, and fed the poor for the space of a month. Nor can I won-

der at their too natural regret, if I, knowing this to have been a wily usurper stained with blood, and knowing our rule to be a solid substantial blessing to these poor murmurers, could busily assist my imagination in recalling and enjoying the illuminated city, the rejoicing crowd, the blazing fireworks, and the river, red with the glow of light and fire, and alive with gaily-decked snake-boats, cheerful music, and shouting crews.

I moored at night in a little glade, retired and peaceful; and as the shades of that still hour concealed from me all that might have destroyed the illusion, took a ramble under a few old trees by the river-side, and turned with a heart untravelled to scenes and circles many thousand miles from the bank on which I strayed.

From hence I sailed, in four days, to the branch-river head, passing one of

them very delightfully at a friend's house at Jungypore, a commercial residency and extensive silk manufactory. My first day's sail presented me with a succession of groupes and scenes very lively and interesting. It was that period of the Dussorah festival, when the worshippers come in gay procession to the river's banks with music and singers, and bear forth the idol, all adorned and decked off by the village Brahmins for the holiday. Each village had emptied itself of its population: dissonant and harsh as is their rude music, it still conveys a sound of mirth; but the glad voices of the people, the shouts and playful ablutions of the happy children, and the bright and gaudy colour of the women's garments, who dress on such occasions in cloths of deep, rich, and varied dyes; and often wear little corsets, fitting close to their breasts, of figured muslin or embroidered silk;

with joys and flowers in their shining hair; speak more plainly to the ear and eye as you glide smoothly past them, and command from your cool and shaded cabin a full view of the festive throng.

I moored that first evening a few miles below Jungypore, on the bank of a little branch stream, which, it proved, communicated with some large and wealthy villages; for as I sat gazing upon that soft and pure light the moon ever sheds in this eastern world, and fancying myself a solitary lover of her charms, the song, the chorus, and the Indian guitar, broke in mingled sounds upon the silence of the night. Several snake-boats approached the spot; and, gliding past with wonderful rapidity, disappeared like unreal visions, and were only to be followed, nor that long, by the listening ear. I can never wonder that the moon has been an object of idolatrous worship. There is a mildness in her

beam which speaks of mercy; a calmness in the still hour of her reign, which breathes of peace. The Hindoos represent her as a female, in a car drawn by antelopes, those graceful, timid animals, so gentle eyed, so harmlessly wild: — she carries, too, a rabbit in her hand, as marking her power over the prolific womb. How often do we feel, like Job, that the lip might be enticed to kiss the hand in looking up at her, as she walks in brightness! How often, till the heart is broken with disappointment, and feels a void such as they can never fill, do we, professing to "look through nature up to nature's God," stop short, dwell with admiring fondness on his creatures and his works, and thus virtually deny him!

As, from the Cossimbuzar river-head, you launch forth into a channel nearly four miles in width, with waters rough and rising into waves, and reflect that you are on the bosom of a river three

hundred miles from the sea, you are very powerfully impressed with the magnificent scale on which the works of Providence are here carried on; and feel less wonder when you are told, that the Brahmins of India, whose veneration for this flood is so well and generally known, believe, among other absurdities, that the first descent of Ganges from heaven was designed to fill the hollowed, but then empty bed of ocean itself.

I sailed across it to the left bank, and moored in the narrow little creek of Pookarya, where, from the deck of the budgerow, you might almost have touched the boughs of the lofty and shady trees on either bank.

Hence, in the morning, I proceeded up a small inland stream, communicating at that season with the site of ancient Gour, and moored for two days there.

Seven hundred and thirty years before Christ, Gour was the capital of Bengal, or Gaura, as the country was then called.

The extent of its ruins is near fifteen miles in length, by three in breadth; or rather, I should say, the extent of that space on which ruins may yet be discovered, and the whole of which was once covered with buildings, and crowded with inhabitants.

But where, you ask, are these ruins? as toiling through bush and long grass; now crossing a field which some ryot has farmed, now wading through pools of water, or ferrying across them, you make your way from point to point, and find only the ruins of seven or eight mosques, the half-broken-down walls of a large Moorish fortress, and two strikingly grand and lofty gates of a citadel evidently built by Mahometans;—where are

the traces of that city, the date of whose most flourishing existence can be followed back to a period of time so awfully remote?—a period thirteen centuries before the birth of the prophet Mahomet! Why here! Enter this ruined mosque; look at this block of marble so beautifully wrought; observe the Arabic characters so fairly sculptured on it. Now pass to the other side; you will see the Sungskrita inscription originally cut upon it, ere the pagoda it long adorned was overthrown, to furnish materials for the erection of this mosque, styled by distinction The Golden. The remains of it indeed are very noble; it is faced throughout with the most precious black marble. Many, however, of the inferior mosques are upon the whole in higher preservation; their domes still perfect and lined within by tiles painted of the most vivid colours, highly glazed, and probably as bright as the day they were laid on. One of the smallest of these

mosques has a tesselated pavement of great beauty.

The gates of the citadel are very grand; one especially is of a loftiness and span which forcibly recall the days of Humayoon and Acbar, as does yet more powerfully an imperial minar, the giant top of which has fallen in shattered fragments at its feet. This proud monument stands in the very centre of these ruins, and from its dizzy and tottering head your eye may command the whole of that desolate tract which the city once covered. The processions, the Moorish squadrons, with their crowded spears and glittering sabres, the howdahed elephants, matchlock-men in groupes over the gateways and on the city walls; and a turbaned throng covering the space below, rise and show you Jennetabad in the sixteenth century. The ruins of this city, and of Gour also, have furnished materials both for building and

ornament to Moorshedabad, Maldah, Rajemahl, Dacca, and many other places during the last century, and at different periods long before. With something like a feeling of disappointment that the traces of Gour should be so few, you would leave the spot, your eye yet lingering in its gaze till the red soil adhering to your foot seems to exclaim, "You are treading on the ruins of Gour." This soil is formed of bricks now mouldered or crumbling beneath your tread; but fashioned by the hand of man ages, long ages ago. Here, in the dust, lie the temples, the palaces, the dwellings of the city whose memorial you seek. Can you discover at Jerusalem one brick of the famed temple of Solomon? Is one stone left upon another of the second temple of Jerusalem, which was rased to the ground eight hundred years after the day of my strength and pride? What seekest thou? Babylon, and Tyre, and Sidon were my sisters; Egypt and its

idols knew me: empires on empires have arisen and fallen since my day; Carthage, Rome, and Byzantium lie low. As, in the days of Hezekiah, Isaiah, the prophet of the Lord, foretold of other cities of renown, so has it been with me, and with my conquerors since me. My sons were mighty in valour, my towers high, my walls fenced, my treasures full, my daughters fair; music and dancing were in my feasts; I was proud and lifted up, and I am brought low, even to the dust."

Reflecting thus, I walked slowly towards my boat; it was late, and from the ruins of a mosque and wall near some large tamarind-trees I saw springing, with many a fantastic bound and gesture, several of those large-sized sacred monkeys. They fittingly represented satyrs dancing in wild mockery on this desolate spot. A marble tomb near me reminded me of the days of Acbar. Could I have broken the slumbers of its tenant, how-

had he grieved and wondered! Before him, Jennetabad in ruins; and beyond, no sign of camps or arms, war-horses, or Moorish standards; and yet, how strange to think, that could you raise at your bidding an inhabitant of Gour, who perished two thousand years before, and place him where those trees might be supposed to shelter and to shade yon small ghaut, and shew him that groupe of brahmins, with their brazen vessels and flowers, performing their ablutions in the stream, he would not fancy more than one night dreamed away; and, bathing himself, would prepare to re-enter the city in their company. So that, after all, we have ruins of Gour more striking to the mind than the half-standing columns of Babylon; or the more perfect temples of Egyptian Thebes. We have the helpless, blind, and feeble posterity of an erring and fallen race clinging to the gods of their fathers, with a pertinacity at once to be admired and pitied.

I continued my course on the narrow stream, and moored by invitation at the garden bank of Gomalty, a charming spot, almost on the site of Gour, and the residence of a gentleman, whom to know is to esteem, and to converse with is long and affectionately to remember. He has resided twenty-six years on that ground. He is a most eminent Bengallee scholar. Perhaps no European has ever attained to so thorough and perfect an acquaintance with any of the Oriental languages or dialects as he has with this one. In a study, from the window of which his eye rests on the site of ancient Gour, and from whence with a pebble he may strike the ruins of a handsome mosque standing just beyond his garden-gate, this benevolent man has translated the Gospel into Bengallee; and has written in the same language several simple and beautiful dialogues, designed as familiar and easy expositions of the Book of Genesis. When I retired to my cham-

ber for the night, I found on my table the Scriptures; and on the book-shelves the works of such pious men as have laboured for the edification of mankind. A bed-chamber thus furnished, in such a country, and on such a spot, would have awakened thoughts neither to be repressed at the time, nor forgotten afterwards, in bosoms which had never admitted the intrusion of that awe with which Religion, when she first draws aside the glittering veil of illusion, and shows man the naked realities of his state, never fails to impress him.

From Gomalty, in two days, I made Rajemahl. Here the country assumes quite a new aspect. The hills above that town, and the continued chain of them all up the southern bank, for many miles, have a most beautiful and enlivening appearance.

Rajemahl was, at two or three different periods during the first half of the seven-

teenth century, the capital of Bengal, and a royal residence. The town at present is very inconsiderable, meanly built, and thinly inhabited. There are vestiges, however, of its former consequence. A few tombs and mosques, black, damp, and half decaying, give shelter to poor travellers and mendicants. The ruins of a spacious palace, which the river is year by year breaking down, form a very picturesque object, whether from your boat you mark the clear waters flowing over its fallen fragments, or wander through silent and forsaken apartments, some of which are of marble.

In the bazaar I saw some of the Hill people; a short thick-set sturdy-built race, with the African nose and lip. One of them had a bow of bamboo; but not of the size or strength I expected. These mountaineers were formerly savage untractable neighbours; they were, however, conciliated, and much of the wild-

ness of their dispositions and manners corrected, by the sensible and well-directed efforts of a Mr. Cleveland, the judge of that district, who died in 1784. His memory is much revered by them; and by them, as well as by ourselves, monuments have been erected to it.

At Sicly-gully, where there is a celebrated pass between Bengal and Bahar, at Terriagully, at Pointee, and Colgong, the mooring-places are all beautiful. The walks among the hills, and the views of the noble Ganges, in its grand sweeping curves, together with the rich scene of cultivation in the level country on the opposite bank, gave variety and interest to every day. At Pointee you pass some rocks which protrude into the river, and are covered in rude relief with representations of Hindoo deities. Some vagabond fakirs dwell in a shed near them. They live by begging. To you they are only importunate and troublesome; but

to the poor natives exacting and tyrannical.

Near Colgong, there are two or three small rocky islands in the middle of the stream. One of these has been almost always the hermitage of a fakir; and, according to my boatman's account, a miserable devotee then occupied it. I rowed there in a small boat at day-break. No spot could I find which bore the mark of a landing-place, and my servant and self scrambled over the rock through bush and briar to a sort of deserted shelter, half cave, half hut, with a wooden cot, some fragments of chattees, a small heap of ashes, and near the door, a low rude altar with a lingam. We called aloud, but no one answered; we searched the tree above, looked behind all the masses of rock, beat every bush: not a sound but the rustling of a snake, or a lizard. Disappointed in my visit, I returned to the main bank, and on ques-

tioning a peon, found that it had not been permanently occupied for these three years; when, it seems, the old fakir who had for many years previous dwelt on it in solitude and silence, the object of the Hindoo's veneration, the Mussulman's contempt, and the Englishman's pity, finding his pride imposed penance insupportable, consummated his vain sacrifice of all that made life valuable, by that of life itself; and having announced his intention some months before, drowned himself in the sacred waters of the Ganges, in the presence of an immense concourse of the devout and superstitious, the sneering and the idle. Since that time it has been tenantless, save being now and then visited for a few days by some shrewd rogue, to fleece a pious Hindoo traveller, or mock a curiosity-hunting Englishman.

Boglipoor, a little higher up the river, and the capital of a small district in

Bahar where reside a few civil servants, is one of the most cheerful clean-looking places on the Ganges, on a branch-stream of which river it is delightfully situated. The roads, the fields, the gardens, and the cottages, all have an air of order and of industry. The inhabitants here and throughout Bahar, are a fine-looking tall robust race, and have, as compared to the Bengallee, great manliness in their carriage, and a pleasing frank manner.

Throughout this province, agriculture and manufactures flourish. Here, cotton-cloths and mixed cloths of silk and cotton are easily procured. Grain, sugar, and indigo, are in abundance; and opium is produced in very large quantities. Whole fields of poppies, as varied in their gay colours as tulips, must, in the season, have a very lively effect, contrasted with the deep green around. I took great delight at first in wandering over these fields in India, where the

productions are so different from those in England.

The cotton-plant with its bursting pod disclosing a soft and snow-white wool; the bushy dark-green indigo shrub; the plantations of the sugar-cane; the plantain gardens, with the broad rich-coloured soft leaves, and the thick clusters of its bread-like fruit; the gardens of the betel plant; the cocoa-nut trees, whose fruit, shell, oil, leaf, bark, fibres, juices, are all so highly prized by, and indispensably necessary to the natives of India; the graceful bamboo with which they make houses, inclosures, mats, couches, scaffoldings, ladders, in short, all conveniences.

These awaken astonishment and admiration; as for delight, when the novelty is gone by, you feel it is not your path of creation; and the lively recollection of all the rich and varied beauties

of the landscape in southern Europe, or of the still dearer, though less romantic scenery of England, with all that is rural and secure in its crowded and neatly dressed inclosures, forbade my rejoicing, as I reflected that many thousand miles of pathless ocean separated me from my native country, and from all that made that country dear!

On the evening after I left Boglipoor, I moored near Sultangunge. Close to this spot in the middle of the Ganges, stands the celebrated fakir's rock. It rises abruptly in the centre of the stream, is of a conical form, and has a small temple to Mahadeva on its summit. You land on a ghaut with stairs cut out of the solid rock; and by flights of steps cut in the same manner, ascend to the small temple. Here I found a groupe of a dozen lazy insolent fakirs; an elderly one, who appeared the chief, was sitting on the skin of a tiger with the

skull of one by his side, looking stupid, dirty, and fierce. He was much tamed, however, by my asking him some questions which he was too ignorant to answer satisfactorily, and by my discovering from one of my Moorish boatmen, that this very wretch possessed a large pasture-farm, and several hundred head of cattle, the fruit of a life of successful hypocrisy and fraud.

As you approach Monghyr, the river spreads to a noble width. It was cloudy, and blew fresh, and I overtook a large fleet of boats within a few miles of it. Nothing could have a more beautiful effect than the various lights and shades thrown on the thin and torn sails of these numerous barks.

Monghyr stands on a bend of the Ganges; and little postern-gates lead from the fort walls directly opening on its banks. One of the ghauts here is

held very sacred. Monghyr, however, was fortified and held for years by Mussulman princes, although it was for a long period occupied by effective garrisons of our army. As our rule has extended, it has been dismantled, and is going fast to decay, being now resigned to the charge of invalids. The ruins of a Moorish palace are within. Several deserted bungalows are still standing scattered about in the fort and outside. There are very many fine prospects from different parts of the fort itself, and a most commanding one from a hill-house in the neighbourhood. All that variety of beauty which near and more distant mountain-scenery, river-views, and rural landscapes, in a fertile country can give, is here to be met with; so that wherever you turn your eyes they are fed in their gaze.

The bazaar, on the outside of the fort, wore a novel and peculiar appearance.

The pillars supporting the verandahs, and the wooden projecting cornices of the houses being ornamentally and carefully carved, as in our very old chapels, and some of the oldest parts of our most ancient cities at home.*

Near Monghyr, in rather a lonely dismal-looking spot, is a hot spring. The well is inclosed in a square stone building with piazzas, and it runs off in a small stream, which flows steaming for a considerable distance, and empties itself into a large standing pool. In the well itself you can hardly hold your hand half a minute, so great is the heat.

I found near the wells many miserable objects, sick, maimed, and cripples, and many stout healthy-looking brahmins: these last guarded both the well and stream, allowing the pennyless to ap-

* Chester, for instance.

proach neither. The brahmins asked me for money; I laughed at them; to the poor wretches near them I gave alms, reflecting, however, with anger, that they would be exacted from these sufferers by the brahmins the moment I turned my back.

It was near sunset when I made Patna. Your track-rope has to be handed round all the projecting towers of the fort, whose walls are bathed by the river: and your progress, from the want of footing for your crew in some places, and the numbers of moored boats in others, is slow; I therefore came-to for the night at a ghaut about midway: passing one-half of the city walls in the evening, the other at the early morning hour. About Patna there is a rich colouring of decay, rather than antiquity. The walls, towers, &c. are of brick. Many lofty houses, having terraced roofs and balconies, have been chunamed; but the chu-

nam*, black, dull, and in parts falling off, leaves the brick building naked. All this reflected at sunset in the smooth-surfaced waters, made a fine picture; with the still-life beauties of which, busy groupes at all the ghauts, and in the balconies, wealthier natives seated on carpets and cushions, smoking and conversing, very happily contrasted. I passed five days at Diggah, about eight miles above Patna, near Dinapore, which is a fine cantonment, and has a noble range of barracks for Europeans. Here, during the rainy season, the river, when flooded, is five miles in width. On the opposite bank, at a place called Poosah, the Company has a large and well-conducted stud-establishment.

I saw but little of Patna. It is an ancient city, and is said to stand on the site of Palibothra. There are few vestiges,

* Chunam, a very fine description of plaster.

in the way of ruins, of any great antiquity; but the learned are, I believe, of opinion that this was the capital of the Prasii; and that here Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus, long resided. My brightest and most pleasing recollections of my stay in that neighbourhood arise from my having passed my time in a circle of cheerful, devout, practical Christians; leading lives to the honour of God, and the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

The next place of any note is Buxar, a small fort, now dismantled. It was near this place that, in 1764, a Major Adams, in our army, at the head of a few hundred Europeans, and about six thousand Sepoys, routed a native army of forty thousand men: taking all their tents, baggage, treasure, and one hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. The Colonel commanding the station, when I passed

it, told me that, long, long after he landed in India, Buxar was our frontier.

I sailed from hence to Ghazipoor in two days. The first object in the native part of this place is an old palace, formerly belonging to the Nabob of Oude, which overhangs the river. Higher up, is a cantonment for three thousand men; and a mausoleum, not yet completed, to the memory of the brave, venerable, and humane Marquis Cornwallis. It stands on an elevated site, commanding the reaches both up and down the river. Perhaps no Governor-general in India ever conciliated the affections of those natives under our government, or the respect of those opposed to us, more than the Marquis Cornwallis.

To the pictures or statues of this nobleman, at either presidency, more especially at Madras, you will often see the old pensioned Sepoys and native servants

salaam profoundly, with a reverence at once solemn and affecting. Here, like an aged tree, he fell in the very rose-garden* of India; for here, leaning against his mausoleum, you may, in their season, see the whole neighbourhood blushing with those beauteous flowers.

Perhaps there is no city in India which a traveller feels more desirous of visiting than Benares, (or Casi the Splendid,) the ancient seat of brahminical learning, the present school of Hindoo theology, the university from whence educated brahmins are sent forth yearly to perpetuate the reign of error; that most holy city, to whose absolving shrines all the yet powerful or wealthy nations of Hindoostan send vakeels, to perform, by proxy, their sacrifices and ablutions.

* Ghazipoor is famed all over India for rose-water.

The very first aspect of Benares is fine; and, when you come opposite to one of its central ghauts, very striking. It extends about four miles along the northern bank of the river; which makes here a bold sweeping curve. Its buildings, which are crowded, built of stone or brick, and uniquely lofty; its large ghauts, with long and handsome flights of steps; here and there, the sculptured pyramidal tops of small pagodas; one mosque, with its gilded dome glittering in the sunbeam; and two proud and towering minars, rising above another, form a grand and imposing *coup d'œil.* I landed, dismissed my boat, and proceeded to the house of a friend at Secrole; which is the station of our civil and military servants.

The city is only to be visited on horseback, or in a palanquin. I decided, at the recommendation of my friend, on a tonjon, or open sedan-chair; as thus only

can you leisurely survey every thing, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the crowds in them, through whom your way must be cleared by a police-trooper in your front.

"In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk merchants; in another are displayed

shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies; or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

The women in Benares, (for many of high cast fetch all their own water,) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features; — innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each brahmin's or pundit's house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares belonging to brahmins: what number may receive students I know not; perhaps not more than one thousand. Of their education I will speak a few words presently.

He who has looked upon the pagodas of the south of India, is quite surprised to find those of Benares so few in number, so small and inconsiderable. The principal one is covered with much beautiful sculpture, representing fancy flower-and-wreath borderings. I went into it. During

the whole time I remained, there was a constant succession of worshippers; for, except on festivals, they visit their temples at any hour they please or find convenient. This temple is dedicated to Mahadeva; and has several altars, with lingams of large size and beautiful black marble. It has two fine statues of the bull of Siva couchant; and, small as the temple was, three or four Brahminy bulls were walking about in it, stopping in the most inconvenient places. All the floor was one slop, from the water used at the offerings; and the altars, shrines, &c. were quite covered with flowers, glistening with the waters of the Ganges. The only thing in the temple, which was to me novel, was a small representation in brass of Surya, the Indian Apollo, standing up in his car, and drawn by a seven-headed horse. The arched crests and eager bend of their necks were exceedingly well executed. It appeared to me to stand neglected in the temple; and

none of the priests seemed to have any feeling of particular interest about it.

In an open space at the back of this temple, and connected with it, is a small building containing a well of some peculiar sanctity, for its waters were sold. Here rather an uncommon scene presented itself. On one side of this irregular square was a mosque, rather a fine one, but empty apparently, no longer resorted to for worship, but used as a sort of caravanserai. A few Mussulmans were lounging in it: the other sides of this open spot were formed by the gable-ends of lofty houses, dead walls, and street-heads. Two or three trees grew round the well, which stood a little in front, and to the right of the mosque. Under the shade of a dead wall, a little to the rear and right of the well, leaned or sat half-a-dozen Mahratta horsemen, holding their lean, ill-conditioned, jaded steeds by the bridle. They were the escort of some Mahratta chief, come

hither ostensibly to pay his vows; but although they were armed with shield and sword, spear and matchlock, there was, to my eye, an unnecessarily affected meanness and poverty in their condition. Near the sacred well sat one of those fat, bloated, unwieldy brahmins, looking at once proud and stupid; a very fit, pitiless, and unyielding guardian of these highly-prized waters, which may be, in truth, styled golden. He had the effrontery to ask me for alms: I told him, laughingly, that he was too fat to beg, and I too lean to give them. Perfectly in character with the moss-troopers of Walter Scott was the grin of my Mahratta friends, as they caught my reply; and the contemptuous jokes and lawless looks with which they appeared to speak of and regard this brahmin, and a groupe of others coming up at the moment, showed that piety had little share in their long journey to the temples of Benares; in the spoil of which city, they would

hesitate very little to join. The plunder-seeking man in arms, who, scorning the control of discipline, follows the chief he likes best, is, and has been ever, the same creature, whether galloping with the descendants of Esau in the deserts of Arabia; ranging the forests of Germany, the Appenine hills, the Sierra Morena, or the wilder Albania with fearless banditti; devastating the plains of the Deccan with Pindarrie chieftains; or, as in times past, riding forays on the border.

I made my way hence, through long crowded streets, to the famous mosque built by Aurungzebe in the very heart of the city, on the site, and with the materials of their proudest pagoda, to commemorate the triumphs of the crescent. From its lofty and towering minar you overlook the city with many of the advantages possessed by the famed Devil on Two Sticks; for all the roofs having terraces, all the stories galleries within,

and the lower one a court, you see multitudes busily employed or lazily lounging, unconscious that they are not secluded from observation, but that an eye rests on them, and of a stranger. If Aurungzebe, who viewed Christians with a Saracen-like hatred, except where policy said, "Be merciful," could have started from the sleep of death, and have seen the obsequious Mussulman, who, as porter of the mosque, shows it to English visitors, tormenting me with an officious disturbing civility not altogether uninterested, how would he have burned with the impotence of anger, to think that this fame-seeking monument of his pride was thus strangely polluted and degraded.

Benares contains one curiosity, erected about a century and a half ago, by a liberal-minded Hindoo rajah, who encouraged the arts and sciences, and gave a favourable reception to all educated Europeans whom he could meet with;

doubtless by one of whom, though at his cost, this curious observatory was built. It is entirely of stone. All the instruments are of vast size, and built of solid masonry. For a more particular and scientific description of it I refer my reader to the Encyclopœdia Britannica. There were no brahmins here. An old woman is the guardian of it; and makes a rupee or two monthly by opening and shutting the doors which lead up to it. Perhaps it may at times be visited by a solitary seeker after knowledge; doubtless, at certain seasons, by many who, ignorant of its real use, come and look up to the heavenly bodies contented with the absurdities of their own planetary system, and exulting in the fancied attainment of a pretended species of astrology, by which they affect to pronounce on the fate of kingdoms and men, to foretel seasons of rain and drought, abundance and famine, to decide on the propitious hour for monarchs' drawing the sword, or

for peasants' turning up the earth with the plough, and thus to rivet the chains of their tyrannical priestcraft alike on the haughty rajah and the humble ryot. One word upon the *education* of brahmins. My belief is, that very, very little is *known* about it. It is known from what books they are taught, and what those books contain; but it is not known to what parts their attention is more particularly directed.

The four Bedas are said to be composed in metre; twenty-five thousand stanzas in each Beda; four lines in every stanza.

The first treats of the science of divination, astrology, and the creation of matter.

The second treats of all religious and moral duties, honours a Supreme Being,

but acknowledges and contains hymns to many inferior intelligences.

In the third, their religious rites and ceremonies are laid down with strict rules for all their burdensome observances.

The fourth Beda is said to treat entirely and solely of the knowledge of the Good Being; but either from antiquity or a peculiar dialect, the language of it is become obsolete, and few of their pundits profess either to read or understand it.

The Shasters are holy commentaries or mere books of divinity and science. There are two principally known; one is more highly esteemed in the north, the other in the south of India.

They have also books of laws, the justice of which may be guessed as they

are styled The Ordinations of the Pundits, and founded upon that prejudice of cast which does not view all men as equal, or visit in like manner the very same offence on men of different casts.

They have histories, originally founded, perhaps, on a few traditionally known facts, but now so disguised with fabulous adventures, fantastic imagery, and poetic fiction, that, as records, they are useless.

That many passages in the religious writings of the Hindoos may be found which speak of the Deity as one invisible, almighty, and omniscient, is true; but we must not examine their books to find out what they may learn; we must look to their language and their lives to see what they do. If their belief is as pure and simple as some would represent it, how odious, how abhorrent is the hypocrisy of their practice. Look

at them, ministering before innumerable idols; giving out legends and allegories as articles of faith; imposing fasts, purifications, penances; predicting falsehoods; enjoining sacrifices and offerings; and celebrating the wild indecent orgies of midnight festivals. I am sadly ignorant of all the mysteries of Oriental learning, but I do not think that there is among them any thing like what the Deist of Europe would call a pure deism, and with which he so liberally invests them. They are split into innumerable sects, I allow, but it will be found these principally disagree on minor points of faith or mere religious observances. How can this be otherwise, when they have a calendar crowded with gods, and count their inferior deities by millions?

I have done: — without knowledge, I must be silent.

Nothing, perhaps, so much damps the

ardour of a traveller in India as to find that he may wander league after league, visit city after city, village after village, and still only see the outside of Indian society. The house he cannot enter, the group he cannot join, the domestic circle he cannot gaze upon, the free unrestrained converse of the natives he can never listen to. He may talk with his moonshee or his pundit; ride a few miles with a Mahometan sirdar; receive and return visits of ceremony among petty nawabs and rajahs; or be presented at a native court; but behind the scenes in India he cannot advance one step. All the natives are, in comparative rank, a few far above; the many far below him; and the bars to intercourse with Mahometans as well as Hindoos, arising from our faith, are so many, that to live upon terms of intimacy or acquaintance with them is impossible. Nay, in this particular, when our establishments were young and small, our officers few, necessarily active, neces-

sarily linguists, and unavoidably, as well as from policy, conforming more to native manners, it is probable that more was known about the natives from practical experience than is at present, or may be again. On their morals, and on their laws, perhaps, however a greater light is thrown by the proceedings of our cutcherries and courts of justice.

Before I leave Benares, I must observe, that in the very heart of the city is a school, founded and patronised by a wealthy brahmin; who has stepped forth from the crowd of idolaters, is a friend to knowledge, and certainly not an enemy to Christianity, having placed it under the care of a pious and able young Englishman, an orphan élève of the Rev. Mr. Corrie. There is another school under the charge of this young man in the cantonment; and Christian missions, of other denominations than those of our church, have establishments here.

From Benares, I made an excursion by Ramnaghur to Chunar. At the former place, which is about four miles from Benares, on the opposite bank of the river, resides the rajah, in a small fortified palace, surrounded by a large village, filled with brahmins. About two miles from this spot is a small temple, built not many years ago, on which, in separate compartments, you find less confusedly represented than usual, in demi-relievo, all the gods, goddesses, inferior and attendant deities of the Hindoos, with many scenes in their fabulous lives: the costumes, arms, vessels, instruments of music, &c. are most faithfully and minutely depicted. Near this temple is a noble stone tank, and a garden of the rajahs, with a small summer-house, looking out on the water; and, at the further end of the garden, a palace-like pavilion of stone, with arched divans below and above, supported by columns and a terraced roof, from whence you

enjoy a view of Benares, the river and country near, grand beyond conception.

Chunar is thirteen miles higher up the river, on the same side. It is a handsome-looking Indian fort, boldly situated on a freestone rock, which rises abruptly and considerably on the land side, and juts out far into the stream of the Ganges. The walk round its walls presents many fine points of view. There is a palace in the fort occupied by the state prisoner Trimbuckjee, the active, intriguing minister of the Peishwah; a man who rose from the rank of a common hircarrah originally, by being a low procurer for the haram of his unmanly master, now a dethroned and unpitied prisoner himself, on the banks of this same river, a few hundred miles higher up.

Chunar has a cantonment for Sepoys, outside the fort. The officers' bunga-

lows are prettily situated. Many invalid European soldiers, who are allowed to wear out the remnant of their lives in India, have chosen this as the place of their retreat.

I saw these climate and war-worn men assembled, at the house of the minister, for service; and marked, in the eager and grateful looks of some few, the hope and belief that they were called to enter, at the eleventh hour, the vineyard they had so long despised.

In this station is laid the foundation-stone of an unperishable monument to the memory of the good and pious Corrie, in two thriving schools, and a small Christian church, established through his apostolic labours. To him, also, under God's blessing, are Benares and Agra indebted principally for the Christian advantages and privileges they enjoy.

My friend at Benares lent me a travelling palanquin; and I travelled from thence to Agra by Dawk; stopping one day at Allahabad, and two at Cawnpore.

From Agra, my determination was to traverse central India, in a direct line to the station of my regiment, at Bangalore, in the Mysore country; marching the regular stages through the country of Scindiah, and across the Deccan.

You generally commence a Dawk trip after dark; and, habited in loose drawers and a dressing gown, recline at full length and slumber away the night. If you are wakeful, you may draw back the sliding pannel of a lamp fixed behind, and read. Your clothes are packed in large neat baskets, covered with green oil-cloth, and carried by palanquin boys; two pair will contain two dozen complete changes. Your palanquin is fitted up with pockets and drawers. You can carry in it, with-

out trouble, a writing desk, and two or three books, a few canteen conveniences for your meals, and thus, you may be comfortably provided for many hundred miles travelling. You stop for half an hour, morning and evening, under the shade of a tree, to wash and take refreshment: throughout the day read, think, or gaze round you. The relays of bearers lie ready every ten or twelve miles: and the average of your run is about four miles an hour.

The country between Benares and Allahabad is fertile and well-cultivated, but quite flat. Allahabad is a very ancient city. The fort stands on a tongue of land at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna; which last is a fine clear amber-coloured stream, more beautiful, and nearly as large as the rival to whom it pays the rich tribute of its waters; which lose their own sanctity and fame in the holier Ganges.

On the land-side, the defences of the fort are modern, regular and strong. To the water it still retains its native character. A few yards only within the wall, stands a palace over-looking the rivers where their waters meet. Acbar is said to have often visited this spot. And before the six miserable years of his troubled reign, here Shah Alum resided.

I visited in the fort a subterraneous cave filled with pillars and idols, and having within its dark recesses a tree of ancient growth, and a sacred spring, of which many strange tales are related. During the reign of Moorish persecution, here they concealed their idols; here they stole to perform the rites of their superstition. — Oh! would it were yet confined in its hateful influence to that narrow and gloomy cavern! but, alas! Allahabad at certain seasons presents a scene from which I turn with the deepest and saddest indignation. Multitudes of

pilgrims crowd hither to worship at the sacred confluence of these holy streams: and every season some victims, either madly offering themselves, or devoted by the cruel piety of their friends, meet an early and untimely death. — Earth does not cover, ashes do not consume their bodies; but after a few days, the restless waters throw the swoln carcase to the surface; and the expectant quick-eyed vulture, lighting on the well-known prize, fastens his talons on a tender bosom; and feeding leisurely, or sitting gorged upon the half-devoured corpse, floats on the broad bosom of the tranquil Ganges.

On the small point of land at which the rivers join their waters, sit numbers of brahmins, known by their distinguishing flags, who receive the sums each pilgrim must pay for performing his ablutions, seal them, sell amulets, certificates, —and Ganges water to be conveyed many hundred miles distant by the purchasers.

Does this picture rouse your indignation, reader? Learn then, that one half of the receipts arising from the dues paid at this, and all other places of superstitious resort throughout India, enters the coffers of the honourable Company. A Sepoy sentinel near the spot boasted of the privilege he enjoyed; as, being in our service, he was exempted from the usual fine; paying a smaller sum for permission to dip his body in the sanctifying stream at this blessed place!

To prop superstition, and countenance fraud, is surely a policy at once timid and impious; to benefit by the credulity of the poor plundered idolater, is a financial arrangement very little to our honour, and perhaps as little to our real interest.

It is my firm persuasion that the brahmins are felt by the mass of the natives to be a voluptuous, self-indulgent, op-

pressive class; a burden upon their industry; a barrier to their ambition; but they are forced to bend: and why? —From the brahmins they receive information on subjects which they are artfully forbidden to look into for themselves, such as the histories of their gods, the laws and observances of their religion; the rules of government and civil polity; the distinctions of the seasons; the influence of the stars. The brahmins conduct all their festivals, identify themselves with all their pleasures, preside at their assemblies. It was thus in the darkest era of the Christian history. Such was the relation between the priests and monks and the ignorant enslaved peasantry. Forth came the Bible, light, liberty and salvation shining on every page, and the awful shades of this mental darkness were dispelled.

Thus it was with the Jewish nation: when, sunk in the lowest idolatry, a copy

of the law, long concealed from them, was discovered under the reign of Josiah. It was read before the people; expounded to them; blessed to them; their idols were thrown down: they met regularly for purer worship; and became, from blind idolaters, sincere and spiritual in their devotions.

At every step in India you seem to look upon the religious rites and observances of the idolatrous nations described or alluded to in the Holy Scriptures, so close is the resemblance.

Incredible as it may sound, reader, there is at this moment a British general in the Company's service, who observes all the customs of the Hindoos, makes offerings at their temples, carries about their idols with him, and is accompanied by fakirs, who dress his food. He is not treated as a madman, but would not, perhaps, be misplaced if he had his

idols, fakirs, bedas, and shasters, in some corner of Bedlam, removed from its more rational and unfortunate inmates.

From Allahabad to Cawnpore, the road led near Korah, once the residence of the Mogul Governor in these parts. Here, on a broken, stony, undulating plain, stands a large place of tombs. In India such are frequently met with: and they are very magnificent objects. The domes and cupolas have a grand appearance; and even the humbler tombs are of a handsome form. Our churchyards are mean compared to them: although I still prefer the rustic graves in Wales, where each humble tomb has a little flower-bed sunk in its top. The walls of arched aisles and cloisters, adorned with marble memorials of the dead, such as we meet in the English cathedrals, have, of course, a grandeur far superior to these buildings. If near a city, you will always see the Mussulmans

walking at sun-set among the tombs of their ancestors. In attitude of thought, or devotion, I have seen them for hours together in such scenes.

Cawnpore is the chief military station, and largest cantonment of the Bengal army. It extends about six miles along the Ganges. There are many good houses and bungalows. Howdahed elephants, barouches, tilburies, and numerous palanquins, give it an air of wealth and luxury very superior to the stations of the Madras army.

I was kindly received by a hospitable staff-officer. He entered at once into my humble plan; assisted me in procuring tents, and a smart active Mahratta poney, and dispatched them for me by Culpee to Gualior; where, making a detour by Agra, and passing a week or more in that interesting city, I was to join them and commence my march southward.

On my road from Cawnpore, I visited Kanoge; like Gour, it sleeps in the dust; only one ruin of a small pagoda remains at all in a state to excite interest. The most striking objects in or near the place, are two large handsome Moorish mausoleums standing on a lofty eminence, from whence you overlook the neighbouring country, which is richly cultivated, and handsomely adorned with wood. From this eminence, twelve hundred years ago, you might have looked down upon a city so populous and extensive, that it is said to have contained thirty thousand shops which sold betel alone.

From hence also, four hundred years later, you might have seen crowded and desolating squadrons of Tartars, under that bigot Mahmood, of Ghizni, galloping with fierce eagerness and ready cruelty to the spoil of its temples, and the slaughter of its priests. They bring you

here many ancient coins, or rather said to be ancient, for sale. Those I saw were totally defaced, and valueless.

It was already night when I reached the Ghaut, by which you ferry across to the southern bank of the Jumna above Agra. My last stage had lain entirely among wild gloomy-looking small ravines, into which the barren and sandy plains you traverse in this neighbourhood are broken. It was quite a refreshment to spring out on the banks of the Jumna, and look upon its clear waters here and there overshadowed by the magnificent remains of tomb, palace, or mosque, which intercepted with their dark ruins the bright silvery light of a full-orbed moon; and to find your frame braced by that healthfully cold feeling belonging to the close of a fine English October. After crossing the ferry, I had a run of about four miles to my friend's house, half-way between Agra and Jecundra.

A fire in one of the rooms at the hour of breakfast, and a piece of ice as big as a nutmeg, brought in by one of the party, from his early walk, had quite an air of the climate and customs of Europe. Eager and anxious I set out, at eleven o'clock, to visit the tomb of Acbar, about three miles distant. I was alone; and as I reclined in the lofty Howdah on a noble elephant, commanded a fine view of the ruin-covered plain. On every side domes rose on domes, various in size, and various in appearance, from a state entire, to the last stage of decay. Walls, tombs, mosques, minarets, summer-houses, according to their materials and size, either half-broken down, black and crumbling; or strong and handsome (even though neglected) from the stone, granite, or marble, of which they were originally built.

Is this a tomb? you ask yourself, a *mere* tomb? As descending from your

elephant at a high arched and lofty gateway, with gallery chambers and vaulted dome, you see, through and far beyond it, a vast pile of building of the most beautiful red granite, adorned in stone and marble, with many rich borderings of flowers, and with inscriptions from the Koran, in free bold letters of prodigious size. You follow a paved pathway through the garden, now covered with rank grass, and stripped of half its trees, and approaching nearer, pronounce the building, though grand, too much overcharged for the eye of taste. Too many small minarets are crowded on its top, nor is the ascent to the door sufficiently spacious or raised. The lower story has one lofty dome, under which lies the dust of Acbar, beneath such plain and narrow tomb as would simply mark where a Moslem lay.

Above, upon the higher story, are arched verandahs, and marble chambers; and

on the very top, a handsome space paved with marble, and surrounded by a light piazza'd gallery, whose outer face is open screen-work of the same precious material, perfectly white and polished, but representing branches and wreaths interwoven with the most natural grace and ease.

Here is a small sarcophagus of white marble. Natural in form, and naturally strewn, are the pale flowers which lie thickly scattered on it. For whom the sculptor scattered them, four small and beautifully formed letters declare:— Acbar *, you read; and read no more.

Of all the princes who sat upon the throne of the Moguls, none, perhaps, has so much enjoyed the admiration of posterity as Acbar.

* In Arabic characters.

His wars, his personal exploits, his acts of generosity, his sayings, are treasured in the memory of all the better educated Mussulmans. He was born during the distress and exile of his father Humaioon. At thirteen ascended the musnud; at fourteen commanded an army in person; fought and conquered the immense host of Abdool Khan on the famous plains of imperial Delhi, and slew the leader of that host with his own hand.

He encouraged arts, manufactures, and trade. He was tolerant in religious matters. Under the vigorous administration of Abul Fazel *, his able, faithful, and enlightened minister, Hindustan flourished in proud tranquillity. He gathered

* Abul Fazel's tomb; a large plain handsome one of stone and marble, lies not far from his imperial master's. Much, very much of Acbar's fame and popularity, may be traced to the able counsels of this great man.

that beautiful emerald for the crown of the Moguls, the little kingdom-valley of Cachemire; and after reigning prosperously for half a century, he *died*.—How? in the well-fought field? or, ripe in age and honour, on the peaceful couch of expected death? Neither,—in throes and agonies, convulsed by poison!

Look out upon these wide and sunny plains, the summons of his signet had covered them with two hundred thousand soldiers ready to bleed around his standard. His own brave arm was ever ready for service of honour, or of peril; yet, perhaps, did the feeble hand of some coward slave, or trembling female, mix for him the fatal draught. Look out again; look where the red towers of Agra glitter near the tranquil Jumnä. Still grand and perfect is the fort. But on this side, see how small, how poor the city of which the founder sleeps below! Scarce two centuries ago, the

approaching traveller had started, as from some favouring spot he might have seen at one broad glance, the domes of a hundred mosques; the lofty and turretted walls of sixty caravansaries; the smaller cupolas, and minarets of palaces, baths, and tombs innumerable; the proud and massive fort with its armed walls; and on the plain beyond, the white tents and gay standards of an army of Moorish horse, ever ready at the trumpet's sound.

As leaving this scene of splendid ruin, you hear your footsteps echo, you feel sad at the dead loneliness. Scarce fourteen years ago, if chance had led you to this tomb, you would have found its chambers and verandahs filled with British soldiery, careless and rejoicing; you would have heard its domes echo to their cheerful and exulting voices; for, during a monsoon in Lake's victorious campaigns, three corps of British cavalry were bar-

racked in it, and war horses stood picketted in the garden below.

Strange, strange revolutions! As I took a parting gaze at this princely pile, and bethought me that beneath this cumbrous and stately monument lay the mouldering remains of a murdered king, a familiar passage of our great poet came forcibly to my recollection:—

"For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered!"

In the pomp, the splendour, and the power of eastern despotism, as there is more to tempt the heart, so have ambition and her sister crimes, treason and murder, more flourished in the poisonous soil of these bright dominions of the sun, than in our gloomier and colder climes.

In the afternoon of this day, I drove to visit the Taaje Mahal. It is indeed the crown of edifices. As I drew near I could not take my eyes from its dome, white with such cold calm lustre as sheds the pure unsullied top of a snow-crowned mountain.

I could not pause at the magnificent gateway; I could not loiter as I paced up the garden; till, from near a basin in the centre, where fountains murmur and play, the view of a lofty and polished dome of marble, and of the graceful and elegant detached minars of the same beautiful material, parian in whiteness, rising above a thick bed of dark foliage formed by the intervening trees, arrested my step, and fixed for several minutes my admiring gaze.

I thence moved slowly forward, ascended the terraced area on which the building stands, and walked, wherever I trod, on marble.

The front of this splendid mausoleum, adorned with borderings of flowers, and headed by inscriptions from the Koran, the former executed with due attention to colouring and form, both of leaf and flower, entirely inlaid with stones more or less precious, and the latter composed of Arabic characters cut with freedom and boldness out of the blackest marble, and then closely and beautifully let into the white, perfectly astonishes you. But, when led within the dome, where stand two small sarcophagi covered with the most delicate mosaic, and surrounded by walls of mosaic to correspond, without a leaf, a flower, or a petal wanting: when you see cornelians, agates, blood-stones, opals, pebbles, and marbles of all colours wrought into the finest mosaic, and producing an effect at once rich, chaste, and so perfectly natural, that the easier art of the painter seems mocked, you are silent. They tell you, and they tell you truly, that it is the

most superb mausoleum in the world. Pride must have been ingenious in devising a work so costly, and the artist must have laboured with delighted wonder, as the precious materials for this sumptuous edifice were displayed in rich abundance before him. Perhaps there never was exhibited in any work of the same size, such a regardless disdain of the expence which might be incurred.

The whole, whether seen inside or out, looks as if the scaffolding had not long been cleared away, and it was just fresh from the hands of the architect.

The delicacy may be in some degree guessed, by those who have never seen it, from the expression of Zophani, an Italian painter, who, after gazing long upon it with fixed admiration, said, that it wanted nothing but a glass-case of sufficient magnitude to cover and protect it.

I visited it again by moonlight; a light soft, and well adapted to give effect to the cold clear polish of the dome. I also passed a long solitary day, either in minutely examining its beauties within, or viewing it from without, while seated under a shady tree near one of the garden-fountains. At every visit I felt more strongly, that to describe the Taaje, at once so chaste and so splendid as it is, would be a task, either for pen or pencil, impossible. But after all, how poor, how mean are the associations connected with it! It is a monument of the boundless exactions of a beauty's vanity; of the yielding folly of a proud voluptuous slave-governed sensualist; for such was Shah Jehan, — a prince who made his way to the throne of the Moguls by the murder of a brother and four nephews; and who shed the blood of one-half of his subjects, to secure the trembling obedience of the other. The close of a debauched life he passed as the

degraded captive of his hypocritical son, Aurungzebe. Here, under these beautiful sarcophagi, in this noble mausoleum, lie Shah Jehan and his favourite Begum, side by side.

I must confine myself in Agra to the principal features, for inferior and interesting remains of its day of pride are numerous. Next, therefore, I would name the Mootie Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, in the fort. It is built entirely of white marble; walls, arches, columns, minarets. It has a very spacious court, with a basin in the centre, all of the whitest marble. There is very little ornamental sculpture, except a few flowers on the columns; but no stone of any colour interferes with the chaste simplicity of this temple, at once the plainest and most costly of its kind.

Nearly opposite the mosque stands the palace. Although its halls and

chambers are almost all of marble, and have borderings of inlaid mosaic work: they did not strike me, as they undoubtedly would, had I visited them before I saw the Taaje. There are baths in the palace, the walls of which are covered with looking-glass, and have much various-coloured foil. These apartments, brilliantly lighted up, must have a very splendid effect. But a northern visitor turns with a heart-sickness from these traces of the debauching pleasures and corrupt manners of eastern sovereigns.

The fort itself is a very noble one. Its walls of red granite are built with that embattled crown-like top, characteristic of Moorish fortresses, and are very massive. The gate, called the Delhi Gate, is prodigiously fine. The loftiness and span of its arch, its cornice, architecture, and face, are all adorned with flowers and inscriptions, inlaid in a very large, bold style. Many a noble elephant, his

lofty war-howdah filled with spears and arms, bannaret and pennon, has passed under it. But yet, I admit, the historical associations here, and throughout India, are too often mean. Even Acbar's name has many a blot; and some historians tell you that he had designed the poisoned cup, out of which he himself "drank the sherbet of dissolution," for another, and perished a striking example of retributive justice. To the aged Beiram, the instructor and friend of his youth, his guardian and counsellor in his first struggles as a king, he behaved with neglect and ingratitude, which was so notorious as to be generally recorded. These reflections are painful; and here we more readily discover and admit them than we should, perhaps, on the site of a Grecian temple, a Roman camp, an old English castle, or a forsaken monastery.

The town of Agra has a bazaar, and many substantial houses of stone; but

has otherwise many features of degradation, poverty, and decay. You see a few countenances of Mussulmans handsome, and even commanding. And the appearance of the Mahometan youth is engaging: their dress is becoming, their voice pleasing, and their address polished. The ease and gracefulness of their carriage are, before they become dissipated, and broken down by a licentious course of life, very striking to the English eye. At Agra resides the well-known Abdool Messee, the most distinguished of the few Mahometans who have cast away the crescent for the cross; a native of Jucknow, of respectable family, well educated, with good temporal prospects. He was attracted to the gospel by the preaching of Mr. Martyn, a name dear to thousands who knew him not, and now embalmed in death. By examination, conviction, and prayer, he became a proselyte to the Christian faith. He has endured the

contempt and revilings of his nation and kindred; the scorn, or pity, or suspicion of many of our countrymen; not, however, will I believe, of any who have looked upon him. He is aged, and somewhat infirm; but, perhaps, a countenance more venerable and commanding, yet, at the same time, more truly subdued into a gentleness free from depression, and a meekness free from timidity, I never saw. It was a blessed, a humbling, a strengthening sight. He is poorly supported by our Missionary establishment, and superintends a school for them. He has some skill in medicine, and practises gratuitously among the natives. His patience, forbearance, and benevolence, have so far conquered his persecutors, that he leads a life of comparative peacefulness. I felt it a privilege to meet and speak with this great-hearted pilgrim; and feeling how impossible it was that he should either have risen, or now stand, in his own

strength, found new support in the path of difficulty myself.

During the time I passed at Agra, from the absence of the clergyman, there was no divine service: but my reader will learn, with a strange feeling of pride and surprise, that the same holy liturgy which is read in every humble village-church in England, on the Sabbath, is read also at Agra, in a large apartment, in that very palace in which Mogul princes, the sternest enemies to the cross, the proudest supporters of the crescent, have often read or listened to the koran of Mohammed.

Every thing which man could do, to make me feel Agra a home, did the kind friend and excellent civil servant of the Company, with whom I staid while at Agra. To purchase or hire good camels, and to engage surwans for them, and body-servants for myself, to be depended

on, I found not an easy matter, in consequence of the length and direction of my route. A kind, cordial stranger, lent me four fine camels, with two elderly trustworthy surwans *, to accompany me to the frontier of the Bengal establishments southward, with an arrangement on my part that they might return under escort. And, after some trouble, I got a rough, black-bearded Mahometan, as a head servant, who frankly confessed, that though his father had been a khidmutgar † to a British colonel, he had served in the artillery under Scindiah, and preferred military service; but that, as it was peace and starvation, he had already lived a few months with one Sahib; could only give that one reference, and was willing to engage with me; that the length of the journey was no objection; he would pro-

* Surwan, a camel-driver.

† Khidmutgar, a personal attendant who waits at table, &c.

mise to go with me all the way; that I should find him willing and respectful; but that a blow he would not take from any man living; and it was but fair to warn me, for few men of his stamp would be found as servants. I took him, and found him thoroughly to correspond in character and conduct with his own account. He was, moreover, very honest.

About forty miles from Agra, you come to Dhoolpoor, rather a fine town on our frontier, with a small native fort; and, ferrying across the river Chumbul to its southern bank, enter the territories of Scindeah.

A short stage brings you to Nurabad, a town which has been handsome. Near it flows the river Para, over which is a bridge in ruins. Here I found an elephant and two horsemen waiting, by the kind arrangement of a friend at the Residency, to carry me in the last stage.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when I set out; just the hour at which the ryots return from their labour, and the herds are driven in from their pasture. It was calm, tranquil, and refreshingly cool. On such evenings, in our own provinces, it had been often my solitary amusement to watch all the images of peacefulness, security, and repose which the neighbourhood of the Indian village presents at the close of day. But here the character of the peasant's return to his cot, how different! The husbandman, though he has the mattock or light plough-share in one hand, carries the matchlock or sword in the other; and the round shield hangs ready on his back. The herdsman has spear and creese; and both look as if they prized the possession of arms, and were familiar with the use of them: prompt to resist a lawless soldiery, and fight in defence of their corn, cattle, families, and even lives.

Soon after quitting Nurabad the road lies over a barren-looking plain; from the midst of which you may see before you many of the low rugged-looking hills which surround Gualior.

It was cold and late when I reached the British Residency. I found the gentlemen over their wine in the dining hall, and was received by Mr. R. the assistant resident, to whom I had been introduced by letter, and by Capt. S. the acting resident, with a cordiality never to be forgotten. A hospitality evinced by the most ready acts of kind trouble during my short stay; and continued to me long after I left, by a thoughtful attention to the wants and inconveniencies which any traveller must expect to meet in a solitary march through the country of a native power.

The fortress of Gualior stands on a precipitous isolated hill, close round the brow of which its defences of stone are

carried. It is a mile and a half in length, but in breadth less than a quarter of a mile, and about three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain.

I confess I was not much struck with either the strength or beauty of the fort; for the hill-forts to the southward are far more formidable in point of defence, and bolder objects to look upon; but to see before me the state-prison of the Moguls; to think of the scenes acted within those walls; the unhappy princes or leaders whose crime was popularity, drinking the cup of death, or convulsed and writhing under the bowstring, awakened reflections, though painful, most interesting. For when I thought on our present relation to it, I felt, although a native prince possessed it, to our peaceful-looking chowwie, which lay within two gun-shots, the captive of caprice and the victim of tyranny might still look with hope; and might feel, that in ap-

pealing to the protecting interference of British power, he would not appeal in vain.

A striking example presented itself to me at the moment; for, within a few hundred yards of the Residency, a chieftain, ruined in an affair against us during the late war, and disgraced and degraded by his private enemies in the durbar of Scindiah, had pitched his tattered tents, and, with a few faithful followers and starving cattle, seemed to rely for the security of life and person on us, whose very cannon and sabres had deprived him of the troops and treasure to which he owed his rank, and with which, even to the loss of them, he had faithfully served the interests of his master.

In the afternoon, one of my friends took me on an elephant to make the circuit of the fort. We passed through

the town which contains many good houses, a large and busy bazaar, and vast crowds of dissolute armed idlers, and poor squalid beggars.

Near the town we saw a few individual Mahratta horsemen. They are very fond of display; and if they chance to be tolerably mounted, and well-dressed and armed, they are either riding the ring or figure of eight, or passaging; and every few minutes break into a short burst of a gallop. I observed one man in particular, rich perhaps by plunder, but not otherwise of high rank, with turban and sash of gaudy gilt tissue, and horse-furniture covered with shell-work, ride the figure of eight as we were passing, then pull up and salaam to us, then burst past us like an arrow, and repeat the same ceremony

We passed along and under the south-western face of the fort, looking up to

its battlements, its towers, and prison-palaces; and visiting, about half-way up the rocky hill, some curious caves containing colossal figures of the god Budh. From the mouth of one of these caves, as I looked out on the plain below, I saw several small soowarries in motion; here an elephant with a party of horsemen; there a couple of women's hackrees going to a garden, with a small escort of horse; and here again, a leader with a whole plump of spears; while individual figures scouring along the plain might be seen every where. But it was not till leaving this side of the fort we came to its northern head, that we got a full view of the Mahratta camp. It is not quite, perhaps, what you expect; for it presents the appearance of an immense village, or rather collection of villages, with about a dozen chunamed buildings, shapeless, coarse, without any air of ornament; and here and there many small trees and hedges of the milk-plant,

all of quick growth and late planting, but yet giving the whole a fixed and settled aspect. At the second gaze, however, you see interspersed, many tents and palls, flags and pennons; in some parts, hutted lines and piles of arms; in one range, a large regular park of artillery; in all the open spaces, horses irregularly picketted, strings of camels, and a few stately elephants. On the skirts of this large mass, a few smaller and more regular encampments belonging to particular chiefs with their followers better armed and mounted. The sounds, too, of neighings, of drums, of horns, and fire-arms; and, occasionally, the piercing trump of the elephant, mingled in confusion with the hum of a population, loud, busy, and tumultuous, tell you, convincingly, the trade here is war! the manufactures are of arms.

Many years, however, has the Mahratta camp happily been stationary. Nor

is there treasure in the coffers, or energy in the councils of Scindeah, who now stands a power, isolated, helpless, and without hope, ever again effectually to set it in motion. From a prodigious host, it has dwindled in numbers greatly; in efficiency and readiness of equipment, still more: perhaps not more than seven thousand mounted men are in his camp; about three brigades of infantry; his artillery alone fine, and disproportionately so; his stores miserably low. Happy that it is so! Think only of the mean origin, lawless ambition, cruel devastations, boundless tyranny of these scourges of India. Think of princes whose musnuds were their horse-cloths, whose sceptres their swords, whose dominions the wide line of their desolating marches. Think of subjects who yearly sacrificed to each of their war-horses a sheep, and sprinkled them with its blood: and whose chief at the dussorah, a great festival, after which they take the field, and

march to the collection of the choute*, cuts a handful of ripe corn with his sword for a sickle, thus denoting the lawless object of his march. Such were the Mahrattas; such they still are in spirit; and such they would be in life.

We did not enter the camp this evening, but skirted it; and as we turned the north-western angle of the fort, came in sight of the British chownie, containing only a few very small houses in neat gardens, with the lines of two companies of Sepoys, and a squadron of Hindoostanny horse in our pay. This peaceful little spot, and quiet band, formed a wonderful contrast to that, which, turning on my howdah, I saw crowded under the small hills over which my road lay.

In the dining-bungalow we sat down, a small English party; enjoyed the table-

* Tribute.

talk of England; and, after our wine, adjourned for coffee to a neat apartment, which, from the style of its furniture might, when the black servants were out of it, have been taken for a summer-parlour in the west of England. Here the presence of an English gentlewoman, chess, cards, books, drawings, &c. carried your mind quite home, though within a ten minutes gallop of a Mahratta camp.

The following day, after tiffin, we drove to the foot of the lofty ridge of hills just opposite the fort, to the north-west, which commanded a fine extensive view, both of the fort and camp.

The escalade of Gualior, on the third of August 1780, directed by major Popham, and led by the gallant Bruce, was a most spirited and well-conducted enterprize: and is a proof of what the native soldiers of Hindoostan, led by Britons, can effect.

Descending the hill again, we mounted elephants and rode into the Mahratta camp. Our object was to see their artillery. I had no idea of any thing so soldier-like among them as the encampment of it. The guns, upwards of 150, were regularly parked in line. The guns beautifully bright; and a chaplet of flowers hung on most of them. The parade-ground clear; and the hutting of the soldiers attached to them very orderly. The Golundauze are proverbially faithful and brave; will die at their guns, and may be said to half-worship the cannon they are attached to. They are almost invariably sacrificed when brought into action. A native prince likes to form a long line; and we, allowing for the loss by their fire in getting to them, invariably and easily possess ourselves of as many guns as may be ranged against us. But if these guns were disposed on the field as well as they are served, our battles would not be such easy victories.

In traversing this rude irregular encampment, the sort of groupes we met; the horses picketted in circles with the rider's spear planted in the ground at each head-rope; men lying on their horse-furniture, pillowed on their shields, or busy cooking; or cleaning their horses and arms. Their women making fires, fetching water and bringing in grass; their children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chace, surrounded by all his chiefs; and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach; and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the

road, where the rajah and chiefs with his immediate escort must pass.

First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk*; and one in a complete suit of chain-armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a foundling protegé of Scindiah, called the Jungle Rajah; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances on the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our

* A garment of cloth, or silk, quilted and stuffed with cotton, so as to render it sabre-proof.

salaam. Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, and not adorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calean. We stood up in our howdah and bowed; he half rose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles, and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scymitar, and shield, creese and pistol; wore, some shawls; some tissues; some plain muslin or cotton; were all much wrapped in clothing; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban-top,

which they fasten under the chin; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks *warlike*, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck.

How is it that we can have a heart-stirring sort of pleasure in gazing on brave and armed men, though we know them to be fierce, lawless, and cruel?—though we know stern ambition to be the chief feature of many warriors, who, from the cradle to the grave, seek only fame; and to which, in such as I write of, is added avarice the most pitiless? I cannot tell. I recollect often before, in my life, being thus moved. Once, especially, I stood over a gateway in France, as a prisoner; and saw file in several squadrons of gens d'armerie d'elite returning from the fatal field of Leipsic. They were fine noble-looking men, with warlike helmets of steel and brass, and drooping plumes of black horse-hair;

belts handsome and broad; heavy swords; were many of them decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Their trumpets flourished; and I felt my heart throb with an admiring delight, which found relief only in an involuntary tear. What an inconsistent riddle is the human heart! In what strange food does it delight? A lady will shrink from the very thought of a wound, or a corpse, if named in conversation, yet she will hang with the revengeful Giaour of Byron over the prostrate and murdered Hassan; — will bid you mark how Kean, by the last feeble thrusts of a hand from which the sword has dropped, shows, in his very fall, the bold persevering spirit of murderous hate in Richard; — will gaze, and listen with delighted taste to the portrait of Lady Macbeth, which a Siddons alone can give, a Shakspeare alone could have written. Such is the human heart! It is related by an ancient father, that a friend of his, a humane, polite,

lettered man, detested even to near of the cruel amusements of the amphitheatre; and, that being compelled to go there on a public occasion, forcibly shut his eyes and sat behind them; but that, chancing to open them, and seeing a scene of fierce and bloody struggle on the arena between wild beasts and gladiators, he was so pleasurably affected by the horrid interest of these bloody and animating conflicts, that he became for a long time a constant attendant, and confessed, when he afterwards gave it up, it was a pleasure and indulgence he with difficulty resisted. And the Christian, in his better judgment and prevailing dispositions, would, in the walls of Covent Garden, feel disapproved delight at the triumphant revenge of Zanga, or the cold-blooded cunning hatred of Iago.

I passed two more days at the Residency. On one of them we drove out to their suite of tents, pitched near a

very pretty garden filled with fruit-trees and vegetables.

On the night of the 17th of December I left Gualior in a palanquin, having sent my people in advance forty miles to Narwha.

Narwha is a lofty fort, or rather, fortified hill, with a small town below: they suffered me to enter neither. From this place I marched regularly. I was provided with passports both from the resident and Scindiah, and my little money in hoondies *; and had with me four Hindoostany horse from Capt. S.'s escort. These men wore a large wrapping vest of dark grey cloth, white Mussulman trowsers, and crimson turbans; had matchlocks, sabres, creese and pistols. As the season was fine and cold, except a burning hour or two at midday, I rode

* Hoondie, an Indian bill of exchange.

all my stages after breakfast, mounting, that is, about seven o'clock. Indeed, from the dislike of the natives to the cold, it was a necessary, as well as a pleasant arrangement; for, thus, I saw the country, and rode what pace I chose. I had always two of the escort with me, and left two with the baggage.

The state of Scindiah's country may be judged, from my being told it was likely I should hear of, perhaps meet, a brigade of infantry in open rebellion, levying contributions; and that most of the troops were without pay, and in a half state of mutiny. But Captain S. added, he did not really think that any of them would offer violence to a British officer travelling. Nay, in the town of Gualior, they often break open the houses of shroffs and merchants, and sometimes surround Scindiah's residence with threats. And, by way of a little court anecdote, I must tell you, that about a

fortnight before my arrival at Gualior, a dancing-girl from Delhi, having received merely the applause of Scindiah, and a present of some value, became the object of his begum's jealousy, who directed a party of horse in her interest to arrest her, cut off her nose and ears, and carry her over the chumbul. Scindiah luckily heard of it, and sent her off to the north bank of the river by night on horseback, escorted. The begum's party followed, and would have fought to effect their purpose, but were happily too late. So much for the zenana of Scindiah. In his durbar is a strong war faction, at the head of which is this begum, who rules him with a rod of iron. But Scindiah himself is said to be peaceably inclined: he likes rest, now and then broken by the chace, his hookah, and opium, and the common dull pleasures of the unintellectual life of a Hindoo. Indeed, it is certain, if he were to attempt again to disturb the peace of India, he would

become a greater beggar and a captive. Nor can he, who has fourteen years ago rode at the head of 150,000 horse, with a fine body of 15,000 infantry, trained and led by Frenchmen, and a very numerous and well equipped artillery, feel any pride, confidence, or pleasure, in leading such comparatively inferior forces as he now could, with his greatest exertion collect.

I have only engaged, reader, to give you a slight sketch, or familiar picture of what I actually saw, and now and then, a reflection in my own humble way. To attempt more would be impossible, with my scanty stock of information; and therefore it is, that I write lines instead of pages, on such fertile subjects as Benares, Agra, and these Mahrattas.

As for my march, I have before distinctly told you, that such intercourse

between Europeans and natives as should give any great variety or interest to the relation of a journey in India, does not exist. Forster assumed the native dress. The admirable Bernier was domesticated among the omrahs of Delhi and Akbarabad, and in his travels, you will find more animated, lively, and faithful descriptions of the court and camp of the Mogul princes, and a more striking portraiture of the manners of the people, than in any narrative before or since his day. In these modern times, we have been favoured with travels written either by civilians or officers of rank travelling in the discharge of their public and important duties; assisted in their investigations by able natives in their train, and received every where with marks of distinction and honour by the native powers. But I marched a plain regimental officer of humble and unpretending rank. The salaams of the village aumildars, and the low prostration

of the peasantry, to myself and escort, were continually the same. I must, therefore, confine myself to a plain journal of my route.

On the 19th I marched to Dungree. The scenery throughout this day was very beautiful. Woody and rocky hills; narrow winding roads; and many very picturesque views of the river Sinde, whose loose, broken, and stony bed, with waters as clear as crystal, is twice crossed, were its principal features. As we came in sight of the river at the spot where we last forded it, a groupe of a few Mahrattas giving their horses water, and some infantry soldiers fording with their women and children on bullocks, made the picture very complete. On the other side of the water, in a narrow rocky glen, I met about a hundred Mahratta horse; they salaamed to me with great respect; reining up their vicious horses, and looking with some surprise

upon the saddle, reins, and martingale of the English. For, they, like all Asiatic horsemen, ride on wide-raised cushions, covered with cloths, have very short stirrups, and standing martingales; and, famed as they are for horsemanship, would be quite as much at a loss in our seat, as we in their's. Their chief was in his open palkee, smoking his hookah, and made me a courteous salaam.

I looked back upon them as they moved down the glen, — a round shield on every back, and their spears held low among the branching trees, — and felt what the pencil could have done for the picture; — a couple of elephants, some camels, hackrees, tattoo-ponies, women, servants, boys, &c. followed the party. And, after clearing them all, I hurried to my ground; — a village deserted and in ruins. The fires of the last night's camp, and round, the marks of many a larger force, rendered any questioning of the

few squalid wretches who remained in the village, otherwise deserted, unnecessary.

My people procured milk, grass, and fuel; and, near a rivulet, my tent when it arrived was pitched for the night.

I had a short pleasant ride in the morning to Siparry. And a beautiful piece of encamping ground among trees and tombs, looking out on a fine tank. Siparry was a walled town. At the sight of my passport every thing I could require was sent out; and the chief, who excused himself from coming out, sent word that he had the rajah's order to send me a small escort of honour. I told him I had a sufficient guard. In the evening, here, as I was strolling near the tank, I met a party of the natives, among them several brahmins, and one who was inclined to be very insolent. He first asked me whence I came, and whither I

was going, courteously enough; but then, bursting out, asked if this was our country? saying, I suppose you English consider us all your slaves. I told him that he well knew he was a subject of Scindiah's; that I was passing through with his Rajah's dustuk *; and that I should resent impertinence by representing it to Gualior. He now became alarmed; and, after several very ignorant observations, and some vulgar attempts to please, enquired if I would not like to have a nautch † at my tent; that he would order up the whole set of girls, and hinted at the handsome present some former traveller had made them. I declined their attendance, observing, it was not by debauching their minds in a slumbering unmanly way, in presiding at low nautches, that my countrymen had fought their way over India. This

* Passport.

† Nautch, a dance performed by native women.

reply drew forth from the groupe of inhabitants a respectful and assenting testimony as to what they knew or had heard of the superior tastes and pursuits of British officers; as to their courage and skill in war; and their great knowledge in all things. And, as I withdrew, they all salaamed in a very marked and gratifying manner.

At the dawn of day, a party of twelve apparently picked men, with a leader, paraded in front of my tent; and I was no sooner mounted, than four of them went careering forward. Their leader took his station a little to my right and rear, and the rest of the party grouping up behind me. I rode away in petty state; and to get rid of it and them as soon as possible, indulged their humour by going at a brisk heating rate the whole stage. Nothing can be more flattering, in its way, than the sort of pride they seem to feel in escorting you; and

look where you will, their eyes are ever fixed on you, waiting, as it were, the very direction of your glance.

At Kallarus, I found a brigade of Scindiah's infantry encamped: and, on one side of the town, lay a hundred Hindoostany horse, in our pay, being part of a thousand under the command of a British officer. The Russuldar sent to ask permission to wait on me; saying he had received orders to give me an escort of twenty. As I sat at the door of my tent, I saw a groupe of these horsemen, returning from a scouring excursion after robbers. They wore uniform vests of pale blue, red turbans and sashes, were well mounted and armed, and rode up to my escort, who were now piquetted in a line near me, to ask the news, &c.

I cannot describe the free manly aspect of these little parties of native horse, as, resting their tall lances on the ground,

and patting the curved necks of their horses they stand in easy converse with each other.

In the afternoon the corps of infantry had field-exercise by regiments. I walked down to look at them; but the quarter-guards refused to let me pass. The commandant of the corps nearest to me sent an immediate order to let me approach. He did not, however, come up to me or speak to me. He looked like a French drum-major of old style. The corps performed their manual and platoon very steadily and smartly; wheeled and marched both in line and column correctly; but with that knee-bending stamping pace which has been happily resigned in Europe to the marches and processions on the boards of a theatre. One of these corps had a neat green European-cut uniform and caps with black cross-belts and pouches. The other too had large brown quilted poshauks, brown turbans, and broad buff

cross-belt, with sword and bayonet, and the old cartridge-box worn round the body. Their camp was regular and clean, each company having a large wide-spreading fly, or pall. Their arm-racks, colour-stands, &c. quite in the European style. When dismissed, at least half of them in passing either saluted me with the hand, or in the still more soldier-like way by carrying the firelock. Not one of them shewed any disposition to impertinence.

I had been some time walking from my tent in my light jacket unarmed, before accidentally looking around I saw the three chief men of my little escort a few paces behind me with creeses and pistols glittering in their belts. I would have sent them back, but they told me, with low salaams, and placing the hand on the breast, they were, while with me, my slaves, and could not leave me.

I learned by questioning these men, that the uncommon respect of the soldiery here, and indeed throughout this state, to the British officers, arose, not only from the skill and bravery we had so often shewn in opposing them, but from honest fidelity in fulfilling our pecuniary engagements with such contingents of horse, Hindoostany and Mahratta, as had from time to time been placed under British officers.

The native commander of a thousand horse makes a little fortune, said one to me, by defrauding the soldiery of half their pay. Give us an English sabeb at our head, and we know that we may trust him. Our wants, our wishes, and our just claims he makes his own." Nor does he ever hold back for one hour, the soldier's due.

A fine old Russuldar waited on me in the evening; and a good deal embar-

rassed me, when on my only touching his nuzzur* (a few rupees) he insisted on its being taken. I held it a few minutes in my hand, and then passed it to my servant Shaick Hinghan, who stood behind my chair. After explaining to him that I was travelling in light order, and nothing with me worth offering him; I at last caught up an old sash, and telling him that dull, worn, and valueless as it looked, I prized it as an old fellow-campaigner in Europe, begged him to accept it. He wrapped it immediately round his loins with a very pleased expression of countenance. And when I gave him the rukshut†, hobbled out on his battle-shattered limb; and mounted his horse in high exulting glee.

My shaick told me afterwards, that the nuzzur was a mark of submissive respect;

* Nuzzur, a present.

† Rukshut, permission to depart.

and that I had highly honoured him by my present. A broker in the loll bazaar at Calcutta would have thought my shaick's share of the compliment the best worth having by far.

From hence, parting with all my old escort, who drew up in the morning to take leave of me, I pursued my route with a dussuldar and twelve men of the Hindoostany horse I have named above.

Malwah, the inhabitants of which, though Mahratta subjects, are not Mahrattas, is a very fine province, in an elevated region; the country open; the land extremely fertile, producing large quantities of dry grain, much cotton and opium, the finest tobacco, and having large pastures and numerous herds of cattle. The villages, to speak generally, in spite of Scindiah's sad administration, have a thriving appearance.

Among the features peculiar to these provinces out of our territory, are the far greater number of horses. Brood-mares and colts may be seen in all the pastures. The breed of Malwah, however, is by no means good; or rather, the race is small, and very inferior in size to that in common use among the better Mahratta cavalry, who have large, bony, strong, horses. Another feature in Malwah is the number of old serais. Some of these are in ruins, and have villages built within or around them. The inside of a serai is a peculiar picture. In a square enclosure, with piazzas all round, you see travelling groupes of all descriptions: horses, tattoos *, camels, bullocks; parties cooking, sleeping, and others smoking their hookahs. The chief, the common soowar †, the fat brahmin, the merchant, the faquir, the

* Tattoo, a common Indian poney.

† Soowar, a horseman or trooper.

cooly, all under the same piazzas, and distinguished only by the various qualities of their clothes, carpets, &c.

On the 25th of December, I halted at Nya Serai, a village built round, and in the ruins of an old serai. There are, on this route through Malwah, several ruined caravanseras, which recall the days when the soubhadars of the Deccan travelled thither in pomp from the imperial court; or, when the armies of Aurungzebe marched down to destroy the Mahratta forces, then just springing into notice; since that day possessing themselves of Delhi and Agra; holding the Mogul a wretched captive; overthrowing the palaces and tombs of his ancestors; ransacking their treasures, and violating the recesses of the haram; and now again, in their turn, subjected by us.

My day at Nya Serai is one of my life, although marked by no peculiar in-

cident, not to be forgotten. It is a happy festive day in Old England. All the images and associations connected with it are joyous. Family circles, smiling children, indulged and contented servants, Christmas gifts, holiday fare, and cheerful faces; and, with the more aged pilgrims in this vale of years, the reflected pleasure from the innocent gaiety of children and dependents; and a holy, high, and hopeful joy,—a deep gratitude for the birth of that Redeemer in whom alone they find rest for their souls. No bell here knolled for church; no humble voice read to me the glad tidings of peace on earth, goodwill towards men. Yet was this day most blessed to me. The Moslem lay slumbering near my tent; the lawless Mahratta rode past it; the Hindoo peasants of Malwah were busied in their fields; a burning sun shone fiercely; sound, sight, and climate, seemed alike to mock the season I would think of: but, with a pocket-bible in my

hand, I felt the emptiness of all fancied situations, means, and ordinances, compared to the fulness of God's word; or, of their poor influence, compared to the power of his holy spirit. I traced back my Christmas days for many years, during all of which I had felt about them only with a common, thoughtless, unmeaning joy. I had celebrated them at home, at sea, in camp; in Portugal and in Spain, too, had been present at the midnight mass of Christmas eve; in France, had forgotten Frenchmen and captivity in the common conviviality of that marked day; always had I been in the society of relatives or friends: but yet, in a land, heathen and almost hostile, passed one of the happiest days of my whole existence. I saw that the words uttered from heaven to the adoring shepherds were to the whole earth: and though I grieved to think the sound had not yet reached the dark spot around me, still did the conviction that it would,

strike to a heart, not one year before, as dark itself: and I felt that, all alone as I stood, my thanksgivings and prayers ascended to the throne of grace, together with those of the assembled congregations of my native land.

Pardon me, Reader! Perhaps fully to do so, you should pass one such day alone in a foreign land.

At a place called Rutchnar Serai, a very large, noble one of stone, my detachment of horse was relieved, from a post several leagues to my right, where a contingent of 3000 Mahratta, and 100 Hindoostany horse was stationed. These people are paid by Scindiah, but are under the charge of two British officers, to visit whom I received a kind invitation, but could not for want of time. The party who left me were Hindoostanis, and heard they were about to return to the Jumna, and be disbanded. They were very much downcast, and said that

war had been their pursuit from boyhood, and what could they do? They added it must end in their taking service wherever they could get it; or looting* for themselves. I pointed out to the duffadar, that soldiers must take their turn, in peace, of sufferings; light, compared with what they inflict themselves in war. That a man was indeed a poor creature for a soldier who could not buckle himself to a little change of fortune; and that, if they rejected the care of pastures or tillage, they would, in the end, be hunted down and perish disgracefully. He bowed his head, with many a grave "such †," "such;" and when he drew up with his party to take leave, looked quite sorrowful. Indeed I had found them all very respectful and attentive; and had, of course, indulged them now and then with two or three sheep for a little feast, and they, perhaps, felt sorry their short march with me was ended.

* Plundering. † "True," "true."

The duffadar of the escort which now joined me, was a strikingly handsome, fine-looking man; the image, in bronze, of a brother officer in England. Indeed it is very remarkable how often you may, in the people of India, trace in feature a close resemblance to English or European friends.

From hence I marched, by Mogulkee Serai, to Seronge, a large handsome town, the capital of Ameer Khan's country, though still in Malwah. I had a hoondie, or bill, on a shroff of this place, for a trifling sum; and dispatched the shaick to find out the man. Two men, of mean appearance, walking on foot, and one rather elderly, returned with him. The eldest put on his spectacles; read it; said I should have the money immediately; and added, that he hastened to me, as if it had been for several thousand rupees he must have got me to halt one day, as he should have to

send to his other house at Bhilsah. His whole deportment was humble as a menial; yet was he, the richest shroff in Seronge; yet could he have given me a bill on Benares, Delhi, or Surat, for a lack of rupees, without any danger of its being dishonoured. No where do bankers seem to have so little open enjoyment of their wealth as in India. Yet such is the faithfulness of banking transactions here, that you may pass all through India with hoondies on the principal places, without any fear of disappointment; and the principles of exchange, gain, loss, &c. are calculated from province to province by experienced travellers with the most scrupulous exactness.

The Aumildar of Seronge, mounted and attended, came to wait on me with a sort of message from the relation and representative of Ameer Khan; who was about thirty leagues to the northward, with a few followers, not above 3000.

The look of Seronge, from a hill in the suburbs, is half European ; — tiled and slated roofs, houses of two and three stories, and gardens near the river, have a very charming effect. The bazaar was one of the handsomest I had seen, built of fine stone, raised three or four feet from the street, and filled with goods.

My bivouac here was in a handsome place of tombs. On the plain near the river below me, was a large encampment of Brinjarries : — their sacks of corn all piled in heaps near them ; and all around covering, whitening, and enlivening the whole flat with their numerous and handsome cattle.

I saw several natives of rank, or rather in easy circumstances, in the evening. Among them, a fine handsome boy, very young, on a large well-fed showy grey horse, with the ends of his mane and the tip of his silvery tail dyed red. He

came near my tent with the natural curiosity of his age, and also to make a little display, caracolling about in circles, figures, and all sorts of forms, very easily and gracefully. But the generality of the natives being adherents of that bitter, crafty, and cruel enemy of ours in heart, Ameer Khan, I did not think proper to hold any communication with them.

A strange thing happened to me here. About a dozen fierce-looking Patans with horses and arms, came and took post near my tent, and clamorously asked to be entertained in my service, and to march with me to the Deccan; said they were poor and without employ; that we had cut away their master's means of supporting them; and, in short, would have forced themselves on me. I sent out my servant and the duffadar to get rid of them, without success; and, at last, went out and told them in my bad Hindoostany, that I was neither more or

less than the chief of one hundred English soldiers in the service of my own king, entertained by him, though commanded by me. That I was travelling across to join my corps; could not afford the empty pomp of any retainers beyond domestic servants; and if I could, should despise it; that the escort I had was large enough to be useful in guiding me, getting supplies, &c.; and, commanded by me, in protecting me; that they made a noise, made my head ache, and wasted their own breath and time, and I desired they would leave me; they did so, and in great good humour.

At my first halting-place after leaving Seronge, a handsome, well-dressed, well-armed, respectable-looking Patan, mounted on a small indifferent horse with a little serving boy on a tattoo, came to my ground, and asked, through my servant, permission to march under my protection to the Deccan. I said, as long

as he behaved well, and gave me no trouble, he was at liberty, if he chose, to stay night by night wherever I did. My servant and the duffadar, with whom he seemed to associate familiarly, always paid him great respect; and his manner and address, often led me to think he was a sort of spy*, perhaps of Ameer Khan's, to see what was the object of my journey; as the idea of travelling to look about you, never enters the head of a native. Poor fellow! I used to laugh within myself at times, as I thought of his sadly provoking errand. In the suite of a man whose delight was in clambering hills, sauntering among temples, tombs, or ruins, walking in woods, or on the banks of rivers, and reading under the shelter of his tent, or of a neighbouring tree. He always shunned either riding

* He accompanied me to Ellichpoor, and then quitted me. I now think that he expected that disturbance which was plotted at Nagpour about that period.

or conversing with me in person; remaining and coming up with the Shaick and my baggage. In a few conversations I had with him, I found he had served much, and in different parts of India. He spoke angrily of Runjeet Singh, the Lahore chief; saying, he pursued a selfish timid policy, and changed his officers continually; which was declaring in pretty plain language, though it evidently escaped from him, that he had no love for the English.

The approach to Bhilsah is pretty. The scenery on the river Betwah, which you ford at a beautiful bend where some small, but very handsome pagodas are built in the stream, with ghauts and flights of steps, and a broad stoney dam, over which the clear waters break and run brawling down, is very romantic. Bhilsah itself, is a fine walled town; the neighbourhood pretty and fertile. It produces the finest tobacco in all India. I encamped in a very sweet spot. The

soowarree of a Mahratta chief going on some visit to a place of religious worship, with horsemen and footmen, elephants, palkees with women, &c., passed me to-day.

In the evening I walked out and climbed a lofty rock about half a mile to the eastward of the town, on which is also a durgah to the memory of a Mahomedan saint. There are steps cut in the rock; and here and there gateways and small walls. On the top all is bare and naked, but would make, and has evidently been used as a point of defence. The deserted huts of a large irregular bivouac still lie between its shelter and that of the town. As I stood gazing round me, now looking out on the noble and extensive scene below, now examining the durgah, there burst on me a figure which quite startled me. From the cottage I had remarked, there came forth an old woman, in form and feature horrible;

and with angry wild gestures in a hoarse voice bade me begone. Her lean shrivelled arms, loose breasts, haggard features, and grey dishevelled hair, gave her an appearance absolutely horrible. I affected first to disregard, and then soften her; neither would do. She seemed half-frantic, and said many things in a loud hurried unintelligible tone of voice. I left the spot quite with a sinking of the heart. Her age, her sex, forbade me to use violence of any sort which might defend me; and mad she seemed with hate, the offspring of superstition, or of wrong, I could not tell which. She evidently dressed the durgah with flowers, and dwelt there as its guardian: widowed, childless, or destitute, or all she might have become through war. Here, where six hundred years ago the crescent was planted on the field of bloody triumph; here, where some demon saint, who with Khoran and Creese had marched among the slaughtering bands, rested in the tomb; here had she fitly chosen such

sad solitude as the unsubdued revengeful spirit seeks, but not for soothing. Here sits and broods pitiless vengeance; — and finds the spot, all lonely as it is, thick peopled with the furies preying on her heart.

"I walked slowly and thoughtfully homewards; and being inattentive, lost my way: the darkness came quick upon me. The scene I had just left, — my being alone, unarmed, and in a strange place where many a heart was bitterly hostile, alarmed me. Every man I met was armed; but these were in motion returning from some distance, and could give me no information: some replying surlily; some asking a curious question. At last I saw a fire with two fellows cooking at it; and their swords, shields, and matchlocks by their side. Without being previously agreed I knew these fellows can never trust each other; and that they must have seen my tents before

sunset. So hurrying up, I asked in a commanding tone the way to them; and enquired if they had seen any of my attendants looking for me. One pointed out the direction; the other looked up surlily and was silent. I found my people alarmed; my duffadar said respectfully it was very wrong and unbecoming my rank to stir out alone. I told him in my country the king would take an evening walk alone; at which he appeared much surprised, said the English were strange people; but sensibly added, the English custom has nothing to do here; you are not in your own country now, but in ours.

I had forgotten to state, that at Bhilsah two confidential hircarrahs* of a British officer in charge of a large body of irregular horse came to me from his camp, near one hundred miles to the north of my route, bringing me an exceeding kind letter from that gentleman, with another

* Messengers.

enclosed for a friend of his at Husseinabad.

He stated his regret that his force was at that time so far from its ordinary station; and had given directions he said to his hircarrahs, who were well acquainted with the most direct road to Husseinabad, to accompany me thither.

Bahsein is a hill-fort with a town below; or, I should rather say, it is a high mountain with a spacious top, encircled with a turretted wall of stone.

From hence to Husseinabad, a distance of fifty-five miles, the country is mountainous and woody, and all its features are wild and savage, but exceedingly picturesque and romantic. On the route I took there was only one inhabited village the whole way; the spots named for halting-places were in small valleys, green with young corn, and under cultivation,

but neglected sadly. A few straw huts, blackened and beat down by rain, with rude and broken implements of husbandry lying about, and a few of those round hardened threshing-floors, tell the traveller that some wandering families, of a rude unsettled people, visit these vales, at sowing-time and harvest; and labour indolently at the necessary, but despised, task of the peaceful ryot. It is here that, in such seasons, you would see the families of those ferocious and desolating bands, the lawless Pindarries. Here, collecting under their different chiefs, in spots like these, scattered through a tract of country running for nearly a hundred miles along the line of the Nerbuddah, and about fifty miles in depth to the northward, and here and there to the southward also, they leave to the aged, the women, and the children, the hated toils of husbandry, and, mounted on small, hardy, coarse-looking horses, with innumerable led ones for carrying

plunder, they sally forth through the wild defiles of this mountainous region; cross the Nerbuddah simultaneously at different points; and, at length, unite under some head chieftain, on the plains of the Deccan, to the amount of ten, twenty, or even thirty thousand; and carry fire, sword, and rapine to town, village, crowded fairs, and wealthy bazaars, all over the country, under the guidance of their leader. They are only armed for murder; only mounted for travelling; which they do with a persevering and continuing rapidity almost incredible; so that regular troops cannot act effectually against them. * They march eight,

* Although a regular army would have little chance of overtaking or of bringing to action these numerous hordes of predatory horse, they were, during the late campaign of the Marquis of Hastings, destroyed by the combined movements of many and widely-separated divisions of the British-Indian armies, by whom some of their detachments were caught and cut up; others scattered and dispersed; and their force so completely broken, that they have not since reappeared as a large body.

and halt four hours; and keep this up for weeks, giving their horses stimulating and medicated food.

The wealth thus gained is either squandered in the lowest dissipation, during their seasons of relaxation, when, concealing their arms and turning out their cattle to pasture, they visit individually large debauched cities and market towns; or else is spent in feasting and drinking, in small sequestered camps; or, by a few, is expended in mounting and equipping themselves to serve in the Mahratta or Deccany cavalry, under native princes.

They have happily been put down now for a time; and the native princes who protected them, either punished or deprived of the power of any longer harbouring them, as the great valley of the Nerbuddah is now in our possession; Asseerghur garrisoned by us; a large

force at Husseinabad; a cantonment at Mhow, in the territory of Holkar; and large bodies of irregular cavalry in the the territories of Scindiah, under our orders, and commanded by British officers. But such they were, and in the very country through which I passed, they long found a safe harbour with the connivance of Scindiah. The fate of Seetoo, the most celebrated chieftain among them, who led thirty thousand Pindarries to the plunder of the Deccan, who was supported by and closely in the interest of Appah Sahib, deserves mention. He escaped from the fortress of Asseerghur, a few days before our troops invested it. Without followers, without friends, he crossed the Nerbuddah, and directed his flight northwards. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider; and, on the border of the jungle, near some bye-road, the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger, and since torn by jackalls.

His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his scrip. They would not bribe the fierce and savage lord of these wilds from his foul meal. Papers, and passports, framed and prepared with art to ensure safe conduct through populous and peaceful districts, had failed him here; where, under the fangs of an irresistible and powerful wild beast, only less blood-thirsty and cruel than himself, he perished, as hopelessly as the trembling female, or tottering infant, under his lifted spear.

I enjoyed my march through these wilds greatly. Now you wound through narrow and deeply-wooded glens; now ascended ghauts, or went down the mouths of passes; now skirted the foot of a mountain; now crossed a small plain covered with the tall jungle-grass from

which, roused by your horse tramp, the neelgae looked upon you; then, flying with active bound, or pausing doubtful trot, joined the more distant herd. You continually cross clear sparkling rivulets, with rocky or pebbly beds; and you hear the voice of waters among all the woody hills around you. There was a sort of thrill too at knowing these jungles were filled with all the ferocious beasts known in India, (except elephants, which are not found here;) and at night, in hearing their wild roars and cries.

I saw, one morning, on the side of a hill, about 500 yards from me, in an open glade near the summit, a lioness pass along, and my guide said there were many in these jungles.

The ravages made by the tigers on the poor native travellers, such as hircarrahs or Dawk carriers, on these roads are dreadful. At particular stations in the

jungle are small guard-houses, containing a few persons armed, whose principal duty is to fire and burn the grass and jungle for a few yards on each side of the road; and this duty they very greatly and shamefully neglect.

To return to my lioness:—I must excuse myself for not being able to describe its hunt, defence, death, &c., and inform my reader, that to penetrate the impervious and pathless jungle over one open rocky spot which she passed, would have been, for the keenest and boldest sportsman (I am neither) altogether impossible.

At Hoshungabad, I was cordially and kindly entertained by the commanding officer of one of the Bengal regiments of native infantry. Their force consisted of a regular division of infantry and artillery, with two corps of cavalry. Having been nearly two years occasionally stationed there, they have built a few sub-

stantial houses; and almost all the officers have small temporary bungalows and gardens close to their tents.

The camp style of the Bengal army is certainly superior to that of the coast in some things. They have larger and finer tents; more servants; the hookah is more used; they have more palanquins. And you will see, occasionally, a senior regimental officer with a baggage elephant. Camels, when they move in Hindoostan, all ranks invariably have; but the country, on the Nerbuddah, had proved so fatal to them, that this force, with the exception of one corps of horse just come down from Rajpootana, and the commissariat and artillery, had all bullock and buffaloe transport: and their bullocks were so inferior to those met with on the Madras side of the country, that on a long march they would, I should think, have found themselves sadly encumbered with their large tents, and the vast quan-

tity of baggage. Their infantry regiments looked remarkably well under arms. I did not see their artillery or cavalry out. But they admit, themselves, that the horse-artillery of the Madras army is a very superior corps; and has very superior advantages to theirs. From those I saw, I should think the Bengal cavalry not quite so fine as that of the Madras establishment.

From hence, I marched through jungles and hills to the most advanced cantonment of the Hoshungabad force at Tikaree, in the Baitool valley, a spot very fatal the year before to a fine detachment under poor Captain Sparkes, which was surprised and cut to pieces by an overwhelming force of Arabs. A very few miles from Husseinabad on this route, the country re-assumes the savage romantic aspect of that I described on the northern bank of the Nerbuddah. The distance to Tikaree is seventy-six

miles. With the exception of the town, or village of Shahpoor, you find nothing but those small forest-guard stations, which I have described. Few, very few people are met in these wilds. Now and then you meet two or three Bheels. They live by the chace and by rapine; on the roads they never show themselves armed; the bow and arrow and javelin, are their weapons; but I never saw any remarkable for size or strength. They are a short thick-set people, with hideous countenances, flat noses, and thick lips, but far less handsome and finely formed men than the Africans; neither have they the very dark complexions, and that fine clear shining black; their hair is straight; they look stupid, to speak of them as men, but yet have a quick little piercing eye, such as would discern the far-off deer, the deep-swimming fish, the lofty bird's-nest, or the wild bee-hive. Their women are even more hideous than the men; these you meet more frequently,

and in larger groupes, carrying bundles of wood for sale. The favourite haunts of this half-barbarous people, are in the deepest and most unknown recesses of the jungles. They often plunder and murder on the roads; and seemed to hold no fellowship with any other race. They are supposed to be the Aborigines of the province of Guzerat.

At Tikaree, I passed a day with the regiment cantoned there; and having met with a violent hurt from the rearing and falling back of my horse, was glad to accept the kind offer of the colonel commanding, who was going to march a few stages on my route with a body of infantry and some horse, to take a seat for those stages in his howdah.

This gentleman was a very great sportsman, and beat the country right and left as he went along. His elephant, a large female, uncommonly well trained,

perfectly astonished me by her sagacity. It is generally known, that this noble animal beats jungle for large game: and, although we met with none, still I had the opportunity of seeing into how thick, and apparently impervious jungle it will force its way. But it was the perfect dog-like manner in which she put up small game that surprised me; carefully putting up from the low tufted grass in which they nestle, those smallest of game birds, the quail. My companion killed from his howdah in this manner, without dogs, both hares and black partridge, a few yards only from the road-side. With a small escort of sepoys for my baggage, and four horsemen with myself, I left him at the village of Satnair to pursue my route by the jungle of Seelmindah, and over the mountains to Ellichpoor. Not fourteen days before I passed this road, it had been visited by Shaick Dallah, a broken down Pindarrie chief, who still levies contributions on a few

defenceless villagers; and plunders travellers at the head of a small body of vagabond horse, about 100 in number. We could hear nothing of him. The colonel offered me a larger escort, as he said the motions of these men could never be followed; they doubled about, and that I might, perhaps, fall in with him. However, the "cantabit vacuus" was my motto; and I moreover well knew, it would not be the Shaick's object to rouse the British, by an act of violence on an officer, to an active and persevering pursuit of him.

My road was very beautiful; wood, hill, rock, water, and all the materials of picturesque scenery abounding.

In a particularly romantic pass, I met the entire population of a village returning to the valley of the Nerbuddah; from whence they had been driven during the late war: and carrying with them the

oxen, the implements of husbandry, the few household utensils and valuables they had been able, when flying, to save from the spoiler.

I felt my heart throb with pleasure as I looked on these groupes of all ages, and both sexes; all with countenances lighted up with joy at the prospect of soon gaining the threshing-floor and wells of their forefathers. They salaamed to me with an air that said, the protection and security of their lives and properties they were about cheerfully to confide to us.

As I descended into the plain, about fifteen miles from Ellichpoor, I found a small body of the nawaub's horse encamped to protect the rich villages on his frontier from the troublesome shaick. I passed one night at the wealthy and pretty village of Curry Gaum; not far from my tent-door was a garden and well, and near me a field richly carpeted with poppies.

Ellichpoor is a province held under the nizam, by a nawaub tributary to him. The city is handsome, and was formerly the capital of all Berar. It is surrounded by a handsome wall. The palace is in the city. The bazaars spacious, and well supplied; and the suburbs have a few tombs and gardens kept up in tolerable good order, and giving a pretty effect to the scenery of the neighbourhood. Elephants and a few natives well dressed and mounted, proclaim it the seat of a petty native court; while a brigade of sepoys in cantonment, clothed, armed, and appointed like our own, and commanded by British officers, show that our influence here is paramount.

I was most kindly entertained by the British officers in the nizam's service. They showed me all considered worth seeing; but there was really nothing which, coming from Hindoostan, struck me, except that in the bazaar here, as all

over the Deccan; you find English broad cloths and hardware, of which, among such as can afford them, there is a great consumption. I saw here several of those hunting cheetas or leopards, merely hooded and tied up under an open shed in the street. For the chace, they are taken out on a car; brought near a herd of deer; and then being unhooded, and slipped at them, they fix on one and fasten it down till it is taken from them. If they miss their spring, they never pursue, but slink back to their keepers. They are very beautiful creatures.

The nawaub sent many curious enquiries to the officer commanding the troops, about my name, journey, object rank, &c. He sent one of the chief officers of his durbar to enquire if I would receive the visit of his son, (a man of thirty, a soi-disant general, a sort of silly play-at-Englishman kind of Mussulman); and also begged I would wait on him at dur-

bar in the evening, and partake of an entertainment at his son's. All this civility I declined. I knew they were thoroughly mistaking my importance, the object of my journey, &c. I felt that I could not converse in Hindoostany, as it is desirable that every English officer should do, in the presence of natives of any rank, that is, without blunders and vulgarisms. And I felt no want of a present; and not one spark of curiosity to see a party of Anglo-Mahometans drinking cherry-brandy and playing the fool. Could I have seen the old nawaub alone, and his durbar, I had gone perhaps; but of the son and his party, I had before heard what determined me not to go near them. My conduct rather confirmed their error about me: and when, on sending back my camels to Agra, by my escort from the Bengal army, I found I could not either hire or purchase others there, the nawaub, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from

Gualior, lent me camels to Hingolee; and not suffering me to depart with a couple of horsemen as I wished, sent twelve, and a duffudar, evidently chosen men, with a view to compliment me.

I marched in eight days to Hingolee. My halting places were in general large villages, wearing marks of decay and desertion as compared to their former number of inhabitants. My route lay entirely through the nizam's territory; perhaps in no part of India are the subjects more oppressed, — the collections worse managed, or the revenue so bad. Those who hold jaghires under the nizam, squeeze the ryot; and finally ruin, or driving him away, impoverish their own possessions. Those natives who collect for the nizam, rob the people and defraud him. And many chiefs who reside on their land resist the collection; and make it a great expense to this wretched government.

At the large village of Mongrole, I found a camp of about two hundred irregular horse, with tents, elephants, &c., and the establishment of a native collector travelling on the performance of his tyrannical duties. In this town there is the tomb of some famous Mahometan saint. It stands on an eminence just above the Caravan Sirai, through which you go to it; the steps leading up to it were lined by lazy insolent-looking disgusting beggars: and the piazzas and square of the Caravan Serai were filled with travellers of all ranks. On a heap of earth in the open air I saw a man of about fifty, with a woman of the same age near him, sleeping. He was a wayfaring man; and their dress showed they were very poor, though evidently not mendicants. I touched him on the shoulder gently, and wakening him offered him a rupee: he looked surprised and not offended; but at once civilly and quietly declined it: I was humbled as I walked

away, almost to tears, by this salutary lesson. O! spirit of contented industry! how proud, how virtuously proud, may be your rich possessor! I felt how low beneath him, how deservedly low I stood. How few, how easily supplied, were this man's wants. He was a cultivator, I saw, and a Mahometan. There are in these territories many Mussulmans, who are settled in farms as ryots, a life in general throughout India resigned to the Hindoos. My next stage from Mongrole was Bassim, a large Hindoo town, having a temple of some note, and a sacred tank. My road lay over a fine elevated plain; and I met a party of horse. It is a fine sight to see the vicious horses of two parties meeting in this country; reconnoitring each other as they come up with ears erect, and snort, and neigh: and their riders always ready for display, if their horses have a leg to stand on, reining them up, and putting them on their mettle.

At Hingole, the cantonment of a very fine brigade in the nizam's service, commanded by British officers, and many of the men composing which have been enlisted in Hindoostan and brought down to the Deccan, I passed four delightful days. I met a young officer I had served with before; but I met, reader, a schoolfellow, a class-fellow, — one whom I had not seen from boyhood, since the day when we played together in the meadows of Winchester college, climbed Catherine Hill, ran the labyrinth there, or stole down the banks of the Itchin for a feast of fruit and milk at the sweet village of Twyford. Oh! how very pleasing it is to the soul to have the memory of our schoolboy days awakened; to hear names, and tales, and picture scenes, and boys, now men, and scattered over the world. Thoughts which have slept for many long dark years, start at some natural touch: and you live again your schoolboy years.

He had early found in India the only blessed stay for the heart and mind; and had trod the walk of the Christian's faith and hope for ten long years; had seen much hard service as a soldier; and had been happily and deservedly distinguished by a valuable appointment here.

The day I left him I passed at a small beautiful village filled with ruined pagodas; encamped on a shady verdant spot beside a pretty peaceful bank; and busy were my thoughts.

I crossed the Godavery at Kair, and took the route of Hyderabad. Kair is a handsome town, walled, and surrounded with very beautiful gardens. At a place called Oudghyr, four stages further, I halted for a day. A spacious tank, a handsome cypress-garden, tombs, &c. gave great beauty to the scenery: and I met two fine young men, who passed the day with me, and gave me news of my corps.

From Hingole, as the weather was getting hot, I sent on my servants and party the night before, and followed at an early hour in the morning, to breakfast. My servant, acquainted with my taste, generally chose very pretty spots. A well, a tree, a ruin, or a tomb, became my friend for the day; and many a tranquil spot and happy hour can I look back upon during this route.

. . . . . .

About two leagues before you reach the city of Beeder, you ascend a fine table-land. The approach to it is very noble. There are some fine princely-looking tombs: and the dark embattled walls surrounding the city have a warlike and magnificent aspect. They have seen sultans and warriors before them. Beeder was one of the five Deccany kingdoms; was the seat of the Bhamenee dynasty of sovereigns, and of two later. The tomb of the ambitious and successful Ameer Bereed, the founder of one in 1518, is

one of the most beautiful in its proportions, and, for its materials, in the tastefulness of its decorations, that I have seen in India. The tesselated floor; the beautiful colours, and form of the tyles within the dome; the fine execution of the inscriptions from the Koran, are much to be admired. The blue pigeons, sacred with the Mahometans, fly securely about from dome to dome, and find nestling-places over the body of many a stern vindictive soldier. There are several tombs and ruins of mosques on all sides. The walls of the city are six miles in circumference; they have many round towers; a citadel within, and some handsome decaying palaces. A dry ditch, cut in the solid rock, runs round the whole. To the east side, the walls run down undulating with, and taking the form of the ground, which, on all the other sides, is level plain. But here, just opposite the fort, is a mount, not very lofty, but commanding a noble and extensive view,

There is one old, large, and beautiful banyan on it, which was probably planted long before this city was founded. I saw in the evening a Moorish gentleman riding. To show off before me, he rode at speed, going through that beautiful motion of their attack and defence in pursuit and flight, when, stooping below the horse's neck on one side, they keep turning the eye and sword rapidly before and behind alternately. You often meet these Moors, too, with hawks on the wrist; for of this diversion they are passionately fond.

In my march forward, at a place called Sunjum, where there was a sort of fair, I saw a party of Seiks. They were infantry, armed with swords, creeses, and matchlocks; and carrying a curious missile weapon like a quoit, but lighter, and with sharp edges. These they whirl round the finger, and throw with unerring and fatal precision, to the forehead

of an opponent. I hardly ever saw any where men more graceful, strong, and well made. Their complexions were a fair olive. They wore beards curling round the chin. Their turbans small and high, and peculiar in form. The loin-cloth wrapped close under the fork, leaving the limb entirely unencumbered, save by a light handsome sandal. Their women were handsome, with fine forms, and their robes much loaded with ornament. Some of them told me they were now in the service of Chunder Loll, the prime minister of the nizam; that in the nizam's dominions two or three thousand were generally entertained: but two or three of them told me they had served in the last war in the very north of Hindustan against the forces of Candahar. At sunset, they assembled round the oldest, a venerable-looking man, who wore a long dark blue robe, and sung a hymn. He also repeated some form of prayer.

Four more stages brought me to Hyderabad. I rode past the tombs, and under the famed fortress of Golcondah, which stands frowning on a rocky conical hill. But, familiar with such objects, I will not pause to describe what I did not examine; for the fort you are not permitted to approach; and the tombs, inferior even to those of Beeder, and moreover disfigured by whitewash, did not interest me. Skirting the suburbs of the city of Hyderabad, I rode along the bund of a large and noble tank to the cantonment, which lies at a considerable distance from the city walls.

I passed only four days in the cantonment; and never once entered the city. The view of it, as you descend from the road on the bund, is certainly handsome. The only building, however, worth naming is the Mecca mosque, built of stone, in a fine free style of architecture, with proud towering minars. The city is

walled, and about four miles in length. It contains more wealthy Mahometans than any place in the centre or south of India. The nizam's territories are large. There are numerous Jaghirdars holding lands under him: his court and capital contain noblemen, who are soldiers or courtiers. And there are, of course, some wealthy merchants. But, although it is said that many of the old forms and ceremonies of the Mogul courts are kept up by the nizam, the nobles of Hyderabad, both in their dress and in the furniture of their houses, use articles of English manufacture; and yield in their habits and customs to those least creditable to us. They are expensive and profligate; distressed and oppressive. The nizam himself is an imbecile: his minister accounted able, and said to be devoted to us. Our influence does certainly appear in the politics of his durbar, in the formation and employment of his military establishments; but, alas! extends

not to those points which materially affect the well-being and happiness of his subjects. It is a wretched government; a disordered miserable country; and the nature of our present relation to it almost absurd—the state of these dominions reflecting greatly on our character as the rulers of India.

We have a fine building here for a residency, but not in the best taste. I received civility from the Resident, in the way of invitations to stay there, &c. which I declined; but passed one evening at the residency, at a ball.

Through him I might have been gratified with seeing something of the city, and the court, or the ministers; but only through him. And as a visit here is considered as begging a present, he is very properly sparing in the exercise of his patronage. My object would have been

far different in seeking that gratification. And, I confess, as I had made a very long and arduous journey across central India, I had expected that some offer would have been made to facilitate the object of my wishes here, as elsewhere. But, no!

I passed one morning, and took tiffin with a famous English merchant, who holds a singular sort of durbar every morning, at which you may see shroffs and merchants, officers and nobles, coming to beg, borrow, lend, or transact business; all which is done according to the native customs. These Mr. P. observes in every thing connected with his establishment; even when alone, to the sitting on the floor to a dinner served in their fashion; reading the Arabian Nights with his Moorish wives; presiding at nautches; and (*de gustibus non est disputandum*) listening with pleasure to

the musical sounds of the native tom-tom. *

He is a man of uncommon talent and great information, — very popular among the natives of course, and with the British also, for his liberality, ready and obliging politeness, and unbounded hospitality to all: to the poor also he is very charitable. The choice of an eastern mode of life is with him not altogether unnatural. He was born of a native mother, a female of Delhi, of good descent. He was sent to England as a boy for education, — returned early to this country, and long commanded a large body of horse in the Deccan under native chiefs. To me he was very civil; and had it not been my last day, I am sure through him I should have procured materials for a few more pages.

* Tom-tom, a drum usually beat with the hand.

I took leave of my cordial host in the cantonment, and marched rapidly for Bangalore. There are some beautiful spots on the route. In crossing the Kistnah you are ferried over in rude circular baskets covered with hides. Such are mentioned in the wars of Alexander, and such were doubtless used in the north of India by Macedonian soldiers. It was early in the month of March that I once more saw the waters of the Toombudra, near the pretty town of Kurnool; those waters on which I had looked with such deep interest, as I sat only one year before among the ruins of Bijanagur. And after a short march further, I for the second time encamped under the armed and rocky hill of Gootty.

And now, reader, farewell; more, much more could I add. Very hastily, and in a frame of mind not suited to this style, have I written all the latter part of this hurried sketch. The friend

who a few weeks ago first urged me to this weak attempt, and who has watched the growing picture, as day after day, at broken intervals, my awakened recollections were thrown into it, with all a friend's anxious partiality; embarks this evening for dear old England, and carries this letter for you.

It has not been the vanity of playing author, which has induced me to consent that this should be offered to the press. I am very sensible of its trifling, sentimental, unimportant character. But I write for men like myself; and if a scholar should look on it by accident as he sat alone over the fire in a solitary inn, he might innocently beguile an hour over these unlearned pages; and go perhaps to his bed, after wandering with me among haughty followers of Mahomet, and idolatrous Hindoos, more grateful to his Father in heaven, for having cast his happier lot in a land, where, under the

cross of Christ, he may read his interest in the precious promises of the gospel; and mark how the benign influence of Christianity softens and adorns the character of the English people.

Fort St. George,
7th October, 1820.

THE END.

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